

INDIAN LEGENDS BEMISTER



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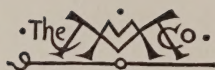
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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

INDIAN LEGENDS



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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

INDIAN LEGENDS

STORIES OF AMERICA BEFORE
COLUMBUS

BY

MARGARET BEMISTER

New York

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1940

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PREFACE

THE folklore of our North American Indians is rich and varied, some legends conveying philosophy in a fable-like form, others possessing the fascination of quaint old fairy tales. Interesting and instructive facts are found in their animal stories, while the depth and beauty of many others remind us of the stories of the Old Testament, and from all these legends a little may be learned of the habits and thoughts of the early Indians. We are accustomed to think of them as uncivilized and barbarous, but we come to realize the extent and beauty of their imagination and we find much to admire and respect in their obedience to authority, their deference for old age, their love and care for the young, and their reverential awe for the Mighty Spirit whose presence spoke to them from all nature. Each tribe possesses its own legendary lore which is handed down from father to son and held very sacred by them. The story-teller

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Max Mullan 72

is usually one of the oldest men of the tribe and the legends are often told around the lodge-fire during the long winter nights when the children listen wide-eyed and eager to every word.

The legends contained in this little book were adapted from the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology and also from Ethnology Bulletins Nos. 29, 39, and 48, and from the collection "The Indian in his Wigwam."

As some of the Indian names may be found difficult of pronunciation by children, they have been phonetically marked below.

Al'sĕk	All'seck
Chĭl'kăt	Chill'kat
Kĭt'chĕmanĭtou	Kĭt'chĕ-man'i-too
Mŭska'kĕĕ	Mus-kaw'kee
Măchĭnĕ'tō	Maw-shin-ee'to
Nădō'wăş	Naw-dō'wass
Stĭkine'	Stick-ĕen'
Tos'ka	Tosh'kaw
Yĭh'ta	Yit'aw
Walō	Wall'o

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INDIAN LEGENDS

THE HUNTERS IN THE SKY

IN a pine forest there once lived an Indian maiden who had been deserted by her tribe. In order to punish her, they tore down the village, put out the fire, and all went away.

But her old grandmother felt sorry for the girl when they were doing this. So she snatched a brand from the fire and hid behind a large tree. When the Indians had all gone, she came forth, started a new fire and tried to comfort the maiden. Then she began to gather boughs for the lodge, and the girl offered to help. Suddenly they both cried out in astonishment — there among the soft pine needles lay four beautiful little dogs.

“Oh !” exclaimed the maiden in delight, “they must be mine — they must have been sent to keep me from dying of loneliness. I shall call them my children.”

Gathering up the dogs in her arms, she took them to her lodge, and there, as the days went by, they played as happy as could be. Every day she went to gather berries for food, and often, when she returned, she was surprised to notice strange footmarks on the floor of the lodge. They were not the footmarks of animals, but those of little children. She questioned her old grandmother, who lived in a smaller lodge near by, but the old woman had seen nothing but the dogs playing around the door. Day after day, when the maiden returned, these same footmarks were there, so she resolved to find out what made them.

The next day she went to her usual berry patch and placed her blanket over a stump to look like herself picking berries; then going a long way around, she came up close to her lodge and hid among the trees. She nearly cried out in surprise, for there, racing around the fire, were three little boys. Lying near them were the three dogskins which they had slipped off. The fourth had taken off its

skin only part way and was a beautiful little girl. Springing forward, the mother snatched the skins and threw them into the fire. At the same instant, the little girl slipped back into her dogskin and forever after had to remain a dog.

Turning to the boys, the mother cried: "Now, I shall have three men who will be great hunters!"

She took them into her lodge, and the little dog followed,—Little Sister Dog they called her,—and it made the mother very sad when she looked at her and thought that she could never be a beautiful little girl again.

Each day after that the mother took them out and taught them things that young hunters should know. She gave them arrows with wooden tips and showed them some grouse in a tree. Then she taught them how to let the arrows fly and kill the birds. They grew very expert at doing this, and their mother was proud of their accurate aim.

One day they came running into the lodge,



"SPRINGING FORWARD, THE MOTHER SNATCHED THE SKINS AND
THREW THEM INTO THE FIRE."

crying: "Mother, Little Sister Dog is barking at an animal with short horns and a gray neck. What is it, and what shall we do?"

"That animal is a fisher," the mother replied. "Its fur is used for blankets. Here are arrows tipped with stone. Go out and shoot it with them."

Taking the arrows from her hand, they ran out and promptly killed the animal. After that they killed many others of the same kind.

The next day they came running in crying: "Mother, Little Sister Dog is barking at something that is long and gray all over — it has a short nose and a round head. What is it and what shall we do?"

"It is a lynx," she replied. "Its skin makes good blankets. Kill it with your arrows." Running out, they killed it very quickly, and after that they killed many others in the same way.

The next day they called to her: "Mother, Little Sister Dog is barking at an animal that

is big and black — it has no tail and it is grunting at us.”

“That animal is a bear,” the mother replied. “Its flesh is good to eat. Run out and shoot it with your arrows.”

They obeyed her promptly and shot the bear, and after that they killed many others.

The following day they called to her: “Mother, Little Sister Dog is barking at another animal. It is big and gray and bad tempered — it seems angry and is rushing at her.”

“That is a grizzly bear,” she replied. “Its flesh is sometimes eaten. Be sure to kill it.”

Racing out they all shot an arrow at it and the bear was stretched dead. After that they killed many others.

The next day they came in crying in great excitement: “Mother, Little Sister Dog is chasing a very strange animal this time. It has long legs, and on its head there is something growing like the upright roots of a fallen tree.”

"That is a caribou," she answered. "Its flesh is very good to eat and we can make moccasins from its skin. Be sure to shoot it."

They ran out and killed the caribou at once. After that they killed many others.

The next day they called to her: "Mother, Little Sister Dog is chasing an animal much like the caribou but larger. What is it and what shall we do?"

"That is a moose," she answered. "Its skin is very useful and its meat is excellent. Shoot it with your arrows."

Doing as she told them, they at once killed the moose, and after that they killed many others.

During all these days the old grandmother had watched the boys grow into hunters and was very proud of their skill. They always gave her the fat to eat, a token of great respect. One day they thought they would tease her, so taking some rotten wood from a dead tree, they mixed it with fat and gave it to her to eat. She tried to swallow

a large mouthful, and it nearly choked her. Filled with rage, she exclaimed spitefully: "Oh! may you be transported to the sky!"

At this moment Little Sister Dog entered the lodge and made them understand that there was an animal to be chased. Running after her, they saw a large herd of caribou, and at once set off in pursuit. On and on they went, but they never seemed to get any nearer to the dog nor the dog any nearer to the caribou. As they ran the ground seemed to be slanting upwards and at last one of the hunters sat down to rest. Then, to their amazement and dismay, they saw that they were in the sky — that the spiteful wish of the old grandmother had come true. Far below them lay the forest near their home. How could they get down?

Suddenly a gray jay flew towards them and looked inquisitively at them. "I have an idea," cried the elder brother, and he quickly took from his back a dried package of salmon

which they always carried when they were hunting. The other brothers did the same. Then the elder brother tied the three packages together and hung them down in a straight line. He told the jay to catch hold of the lower one with his beak and fly down to the earth with it, promising that when they reached there, he could have the salmon for a feast if he did not look back. Then the brothers seized the salmon, thinking the jay would carry them down also; but scarcely had they started when the jay looked back, being unable to resist having one glance at his future treat. Instantly the spell was broken and they all stood motionless — turned into stars.

There in the sky they remain to this day. The three hunters are the three large bright stars; ahead of them gleams a smaller one, which is their faithful dog. A little farther on, a brighter cluster of stars forever twinkles. This is the herd of caribou, still flying from the chase. Below, in a straight line, are

three tiny stars which were once the packages of dried salmon.

As for the curious jay, he flew away and was never seen again.

MASTER-CARPENTER AND SOUTH-EAST

AT one time Southeast blew for many days, bringing much rain and bad weather to all the land along the sea. In a certain village on the sea-coast, there was a man called Master-Carpenter because his wood carvings were so very beautiful. He did not like the rainy weather. It kept on for so many days that he determined to go forth and war with Southeast and cause him to stop blowing.

Accordingly he began to build a canoe in which to set forth. He built it at a steep place at one end of the town, and when he had finished it, he threw it down into the water. It split. Then he made another and threw it over the cliff. It split also. He made three more canoes, and each one split when

it struck the water. Master-Carpenter felt discouraged now. Then he took a large log and tried to wrench it apart and so make two canoes from it. As he was trying to do this, Greatest Fool came along. He stopped to watch Master-Carpenter and noticed that the wedges he was using were straight. So he suggested that Master-Carpenter use bent wedges and told him how to place them. At once the log came apart and made two canoes.

Master-Carpenter now took one of these canoes, and leaving the branches on it, he threw it down over the cliff. It landed safely on the water and floated there unharmed. He climbed down, stepped into the canoe and paddled off in search of Southeast.

He knew where Southeast lived, and when he had come to the right place, he felt Southeast floating above him. Lifting his voice he challenged the wind. Again and again he called aloud his challenge. After he had done this many times a current began to flow out rapidly. A great amount of seaweed

came floating with it. After that came a mass of matted hair which Master-Carpenter knew must be that of his enemy. So when Southeast came to the surface he seized his hair quickly and started off with him.

Master-Carpenter knew that it would be a mighty battle, so he called to his nephews, the winds, to help him. First he called Storm-Cloud. At once the wind blew very strong. While it was blowing, he called for his next nephew, Taker-off-of-the-tree-tops. Immediately the wind increased to a terrific force. Tree-tops were blown off, and sweeping over the water they fell close around the canoe.

Next he called Pebble-rattler. At once the wind became a gale. The waves came rolling in to the shore. Stones and sand were tossed about and the canoe nearly capsized. Then he called for Maker-of-the-thick-sea-mist. In answer to the summons, a dense mist rose up out of the sea and came rolling towards land, hiding everything it enveloped.



"AT LAST HE CALLED FOR TIDAL-WAVE."

At last he called for Tidal-wave. With a great rush this wind came, carrying the water before him like a bank far up on the land. On the top of the water the canoe rode perilously and Master-Carpenter was drenched with the waves. Then the water went back to the sea and they took Master-Carpenter from the canoe. He was safe, and Southeast had gone back to his own place. His mother, named Tomorrow, lived with him there and Southeast did not like any one else to use that word.

So when the weather cleared after this war the people were very careful to use another word for to-morrow for fear there would be bad weather again.

THE BOYS AND THE MOON

ONCE there were two boys who were great friends. One lived in the middle of the village because his father was the head chief. The other lived at the end of the village because his father was a lesser chief. The boys spent a great deal of time together, making arrows to see who could make the most. Back of the village there was a hill. On the top of this hill there was a large grassy place which they called their playground.

One fine moonlight night they started up the hill towards their playground with their arrows. After they had gone a short distance, the lesser chief's son looked up at the moon and said: "Is not the moon just the shape of my mother's lip ornament, and it is just the size of it, too."

"You must not speak like that," replied his friend. "It is not right to speak that way of the moon. It is insulting."

At that moment it became dark; then a circular rainbow appeared coming down the hillside. It seemed to encircle them for a moment and then it disappeared, but when the head chief's son looked around, he saw that his companion had disappeared also. He called him in a frightened voice, but got no answer. Then he said: "My playmate must have been alarmed at the sight of the rainbow and must have run away from it"; so he began to climb the hill, calling his friend as he went. Still there was no sign of him. Looking up, he saw that the moon was again in the sky and he thought, "That circular rainbow must have been the moon. He was angry at my friend and came down and took him away."

Looking again at the sky, he saw that there was now a bright star by the side of the moon. "Ah!" he said, "that is my friend; the moon has taken him up to the sky — what can I do to rescue him?"

He had reached the top of the hill now

and he sat down on the grassy place and began to cry. Then he thought he would try to shoot the star and perhaps his friend would fall out. He tried his bows one after the other and each one broke as he tested it. Then he tried his friend's bows and they all broke except one. Fitting an arrow in this, he shot at the star. It seemed to waver, but there was no sign of his friend falling from the sky, so he sat for many hours weeping at the loss of his playmate. At last he fell asleep. When he awakened, he noticed a long ladder that stretched from the star down to his side. Looking at it, he determined to ascend. But before he started, he gathered various kinds of brushes and put them in the knot of hair which he wore on the top of his head. He began to climb, and kept on climbing as fast as he could all day. When night came he camped upon the ladder, for he was still far from the star. When he awoke the second time, his head felt heavy. Reaching up he pulled out the branch of



"HE BEGAN TO CLIMB, AND KEPT ON CLIMBING AS FAST AS HE
COULD ALL DAY."

salmon berry bushes from one side. It was heavy with salmon berries. He ate these and felt greatly refreshed. Then putting the branch back into his hair he began to climb. By noon he felt hungry again, so reaching up he pulled out the branch on the other side of his hair. It was loaded with blue huckleberries, which he ate. He was now far up in the sky, and it was summer there. That was why the berries were growing on the branches in his hair.

The third day he climbed on until noon before he began to feel hungry. By this time his head was very heavy. Taking out the branch from the top of his head, he found it loaded with red huckleberries, which he ate.

At last he reached the top. Before him was a large lake, and on its shores grew moss and low bushes. Gathering an armful of brush and moss he made himself a bed and lay down to sleep, for he was very tired. Some time afterwards he was wakened by a little girl. She was neatly dressed in clothes

made of the skins of animals and her leggings were trimmed with porcupine quills. When she saw that the boy's eyes were open, she said: "My grandmother sent me to get you. Follow me."

Rising to his feet he followed her to a small house wherein sat an old woman. She questioned him about his journey and asked him why he had come this long distance. He told her about his lost playmate and said he had come to find him.

"Your playmate is in the moon's house," she answered, and she pointed to a house not far away.

"I must go to seek him," he said quickly, turning to go.

"First of all you must eat," she replied. Then she brought him salmon berries, and meat. When he was ready to leave, she gave him a spruce cone, a rose bush, a piece of shrub called devil's club and a grindstone.

When he reached the moon's house he heard his playmate screaming with pain. He

knew that the voice came from the top of the house near the smoke hole. Climbing to it, he reached down through the hole and pulled his playmate out. He put the spruce cone in his friend's place and told it to imitate his cries. Then they both began to run away as fast as they could. They had gone only a short distance when the cone dropped from the smoke hole and at once the people knew that the boy had escaped. Uttering a cry of rage the moon started in pursuit. He began to gain on the boys when the head chief's son threw back a piece of devil's club. This shrub at once began to grow with great rapidity and its dense thorny stalks and its broad leaves with their thorny backs stopped the moon for some time. With much difficulty he at last succeeded in getting through and began to gain on them again. The chief's son next threw back the rose bush. This grew at once into a dense thicket and delayed the moon for several moments. Then the chief's son threw back the grindstone.

This changed immediately to a high cliff from which the moon kept rolling back. Again and again it attempted to follow the boys, only to slip back every time.

By this time they had reached the old woman's house. She received them with joy and they sat for a long time talking to each other and to her. At last they felt tired and she told them to go and lie down at the place where the chief's son had first slept and think of their playground on the hillside. They went out and lay down on the bed of moss and brush and thought of their playground, but after a while the chief's son thought of the little house and the old woman. At once they were back to it. "Go back again," she said, "and lie down once more. Do not think of me. Think only of your playground."

So they went back and lay down again and kept on thinking of their grassy playground. At last they fell asleep. When they awoke they found themselves on the hillside at the

foot of the ladder. Running down the hill they came to the village, and when near the chief's house, they heard the beating of a drum. They knew at once what it was — a death feast was being held for them. It was now quite dark, for these feasts were always held at night, so they hid among the trees and waited until the feast was over. After a while they saw the people come out, all with their faces blackened as a sign of sorrow.

When the people had gone back to their homes, the chief's son wished his younger brother would come forth. At once his younger brother came out of the house and stood near them, but when he saw the boys he was very frightened and ran back to tell his mother. Then his parents came forth, and when they found their son and his playmate, they carried them into the house, rejoicing very much. They sent for the lesser chief and his wife, and all the rest of the people in the village. They all came and held a feast over the safe return of the boys.

THE WANDERER

ONE night a hunter sat at his lodge door looking up at the northern sky. He was anxiously watching Yihta, the Great Bear, as it slowly revolved around its axis, the polar star.

He meant to go on a hunting trip as soon as morning came, and as he impatiently reckoned the time of night by the distance which this group of stars had travelled, it seemed to him that daylight would never come. At last, he exclaimed in disgust, "That old Yihta, how slowly he walks!"

At length morning did come and he eagerly set forth with his three dogs. He had not gone far when they scented game and dashed ahead of him, barking in great excitement. Running as swiftly as he could to the spot where they had stopped, he was amazed to see a beautiful man seated on a log. His face



"HE WAS AMAZED TO SEE A BEAUTIFUL MAN SEATED ON A
LOG."

was painted with red stripes, and in his hands he held a walking stick. The hunter did not dare to speak. In his astonishment and alarm, he could only stand and gaze. Well he knew who it was — no other than Yihta, the Great Bear, who had for some purpose taken the form of a man and had come down to earth.

At length Yihta spoke: "I see you know who I am. Last night you dared to scoff at me — to say I walked slowly. You shall learn how far you have to walk to reach home again. You think you have come only a short distance, but it is not so. I caused the earth's surface to contract; that is why the distance seemed short to you. Now turn to travel home and you will find how long it is. Take this staff to aid you. When you become hungry, let it fall. If the staff points to the North, do not go that way because famine awaits you there. If it points toward the sunset or the sunrise, go in the direction it says and you will find bears to eat. If

you get lost, let the staff fall and then walk in the direction toward which it points.”

As Yihta finished speaking, he placed the stick in the hunter's hands and disappeared.

Slowly the hunter began to retrace his steps, gazing around him in wonderment as he went, for to his surprise the trees were not familiar, although he felt that he should be in his own forest. At length he became hungry, so he let the staff fall. It pointed toward the East. Going in that direction, he found a bear, which he killed at once, and satisfied his hunger. Then he started on again and travelled the rest of that day until the stars began to shine above him. Looking up, he saw Yihta in his place in the northern sky. He wondered if he had not had a strange dream that morning and only fancied he saw Yihta in the form of a man.

The next day everything was still unfamiliar. He started out in the morning thinking that by noon he surely would see his lodge. But when noon came he seemed

no nearer home. Letting the staff fall, he found that he had been going in the wrong direction. Starting out bravely in the right one, he walked on until hunger compelled him to search for food. This time the staff fell to the North. There famine awaited him, so Yihta had said. He let it fall again, and this time it pointed to the West. Going in that direction, he again found a bear and satisfied his hunger. On and on he went, travelling nearly all night, and at last he threw himself down under the trees to sleep.

The following day, and the next, and the next, he travelled, still looking for some sign to show he was nearing home, but finding none. Weeks went by, then weeks grew into months, and at last a weary year had passed since he started forth to hunt. Two of his dogs had disappeared by this time and the third one was gaunt and spiritless. The hunter longed to throw himself down and go no farther, but something within him compelled him still to go on.

So the days and weeks crept by. As before, whenever he needed food, he let the staff fall, and then going in the direction it indicated, he would find a bear, or sometimes two, which he always killed. Whenever he was lost, the staff showed him the right way. One day his third dog did not come when he called and he knew that he must finish the journey alone. As the months became years, he felt himself growing worn and tired, but still he pressed on, uttering no sound of weariness or complaint.

Suddenly one morning he noticed a familiar shrub near him. Pushing forward eagerly he recognized the trees and grasses. A moment later, he uttered a cry of joy — there in the distance he saw his own lodge. Gathering all his strength, he began to run towards it, but after running several hours, it seemed as far away as it had been at first. For three days he ran on, with the lodge always appearing a long distance ahead of him. At last, worn out with fatigue, he reached the

spot where it stood. But it was no longer his lodge as he remembered it. All crumbling with age and decay, it seemed to tell him that years had passed since the morning he had left it to go hunting. Now for the first time, he noticed his hair—it was snow white!

As he seated himself wearily upon the stone at the doorway, he realized that he was an old, old man, and that Yihta's words had come true—he had indeed travelled very, very far to reach his home.

MACHINETO, THE EVIL SPIRIT

LONG ago when the world was very young, Kitchemanitou, the Master of Life, used to spend a great deal of his time on a large, flat island making new creations. This island was his workshop, and being spacious and solitary, with water on every side, he had plenty of room and was never interrupted.

Some of these early creations were very large and were so strong that even Kitchemanitou found it difficult to control them, so it was his custom to try the effect of these creatures by setting them in motion upon the island after he had finished them. Then if he were pleased with them, he would let them run free. He always found that they would plunge into the sea upon the north side of the island and disappear in the great forests beyond. But if they did not please him, he would take out the life and throw

the body among many other discarded creations.

At one time the Master of Life spent a very long time making a creature of huge bulk. First he placed four cakes of clay on the ground at proper distances. These he moulded into feet. Then he built the legs, and finally the body, which was such a size that it looked like a mountain on the island. As he worked at it, the water spirits and the fairies made themselves very merry around him. They climbed up the huge animal, capered behind the great ears, sat within the mouth, each perched on a tooth, and ran up and down and in and out, thinking Kitchenitou could not see them; but he could see right through everything he made, so he was aware of their mischievous pranks and glad that they were so happy.

When he had the mammoth animal finished, he was afraid to put life into it for fear it might do some harm. So he left it standing upon the island, and after a while its great

weight caused it to break through the ground, and sinking down, it stuck fast, the head and tail preventing it from disappearing altogether. Then Kitchemanitou lifted up a piece of the back and found that the big, empty body would make a good cavity into which all the old creations that had failed to please him might be thrown. Accordingly he gathered all these fragments together and tossed them into it. Then he put on the piece of the back, which looked like a lid.

For several days he did not create anything. Then one morning, without thinking, he began to make a new creation, which was to cause him and all his people much trouble. First he made two feet of clay. These were shaped like the feet of a panther. When they were finished, he stepped into them and found that their tread was light and springy. Next he moulded the tall legs like his own and caused these to walk back and forth several times. He was greatly pleased with the result, and now made a round body covered

with scales like an alligator. Just as he finished it, the body began to double forward. At this moment a black snake crawled by, and Kitchemanitou, noticing it, decided that it would make a good tail, so he attached it to the body and wound it around a tree to make the body stand upright. Then he made the shoulders, broad and strong like those of a buffalo and covered with hair. The neck came next; it was short and thick and full at the back. He had come to the head now. And here the Master of Life stopped and thought for a long while. Taking some clay in his hand, he made a round ball of it. He worked it and patted it carefully, for he was thinking of the panther feet, the buffalo neck and the serpent's tail. As he patted the clay, he shaped a head with a broad, low forehead. Behind this forehead would be concealed the wisdom of the serpent, and he meant also to give him the forked tongue of this reptile.

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He made his eyes like those of a lobster,

for he was to see all things as well as to know all things. He made the jaws strong and firm and the teeth ivory white, and upon either side of the face were gills which rose and fell whenever breath passed through them. The nose was like the beak of a vulture and the scalp-lock a tuft of porcupine quills.

Kitchemanitou paused now, and holding the head aloft, he looked at it for a long time. Then very slowly he put it on the shoulders. He had made his first upright figure, and looking at it, he felt very sad.

It was nearly night now. Around him the bats were flying and from all sides came the roar of wild beasts. Along the horizon white-capped waves began to appear, and a gusty wind blew in from the sea and swept across the island. A panther stopped for a moment with one foot lifted and curled under, to smell the feet so like his own. A vulture, swooping down with a great noise, made a dash at the creature's beak, but Kitch-

manitou drove him away. Then a porcupine and a snake came, each drawn by its kind in the image.

Kitchemanitou veiled his face and stood motionless for many hours while the wind from the sea blew around him. He was thinking very deeply. He saw that these animals had been drawn to this creation because it was like themselves. Perhaps some day he could make a creature like himself, who could grow to be a good spirit.

At last he lifted his head. Above him the stars were shining. A bat had alighted on the forehead of the image, and Kitchemanitou, lifting it down, took out its life and twisted off the body. Spreading the bat's wings over the head of the image, he made them come down on either side for ears. Now he made the chin — firm and strong — and lips that could smile with a sweet smile, but when closed, hid the forked tongue and kept all things within themselves.

Standing back, Kitchemanitou looked at

his creation and his face grew very grave. He knew that he must give it arms and hands, and these he had never yet given to any creature. Slowly he began to mould them, very beautiful and like his own, but when they were finished, his creation was not good in his sight. Here was a man with arms and hands who might create things and might even thwart his own plans. And as he thought, he decided not to put life in the image. Instead he put fire within it which dried the clay and shone through the scales of the chest, the gills and the bat-winged ears.

The creature was terrible to behold. Kitchemanitou wished to see him walk now, so he opened his side, put in a *very little* life and also left the fire within. Then with a slow step but very surely, the image began to walk. As the fire shone through its body, its aspect was terrifying, yet when it turned and smiled, Kitchemanitou saw that the smile rendered it no longer ugly. He was

thinking that here was a creation made mostly from beasts, yet with a chin which lifted the head high and with lips that could smile or hold all things within themselves. Would he put more life into it and let it live, or would he destroy it? Suddenly his mind was made up, and seizing the image in his hands, he cast it into the cave among the other fragments of discarded creations.

But Kitchemanitou forgot to take out the life!

A long time afterwards he heard a noise in the cave. Lifting off the lid he looked in. There sat the image putting together the fragments of the broken creations. Quickly Kitchemanitou closed up the opening and piled stones and sand high upon it. A few days afterwards the noise grew much louder in the cave. The earth shook violently and smoke rolled from the ground. The Manitous came from great distances to see what was the matter. Suddenly there was a great roar. Stones and sand rose high in the air, the sky was black with wind and dust, fire

played about the cave, and the creature stalked forth!

He was terrible to behold, for the fire within him had made his life strong. In terror the Manitous fled before him, crying, "Machineto! Machineto! the Evil Spirit!"

With great strides he cleared the piles of stone and earth, and without glancing to right or left, crossed the level plain of the island. When he reached the water's edge, he paused for a moment, then plunged into the sea and swam with swift, sure strokes to the shore of the mainland. They saw him disappear in the forest, his body glowing terrifyingly against the dark branches of the trees.

Kitchemanitou covered his head in sadness for many hours after this, because through a mistake of his, the Evil Spirit had been made and now had gone forth into the world to cause much future disquiet to all his people.

THE WOODPECKER'S CALL

A BRAVE warrior once had a beautiful wife. Every day she went with the rest of the women to gather sap. They always took with them large baskets which they filled with thin strips of sap bark scraped from the scrub pines. But the beautiful wife never brought back a full basket like the rest. Sometimes it would be half full, but very often she returned with only three or four thin shavings for her husband's meal.

After this had gone on for some time, he determined to find out the cause for her small day's gathering; so the next morning he followed the women as they all went to the scrub pines. Hiding among the trees, he noticed that his wife scraped only a few pieces of bark and put them into her basket; then she wandered away from the others towards an old stump. Reaching it, she struck it



"INSTANTLY A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN APPEARED FROM THE
STUMP."

three times with a stick, calling aloud a strange name as she did so. Instantly a beautiful young man appeared from the stump. His face and clothing shone like daylight and he greeted the young wife with pleasure. Then they began to play together, and all through the long, bright hours, they danced and sang and played, while she never thought of the sap that she should have been gathering to take home. When sundown came, the young man disappeared in the stump and she returned to the pines in time to go back with the other women.

All that night the husband thought and thought about what he had seen. For some reason, he doubted the goodness of the beautiful young man, and at last he had a strange dream about him. He thought he saw the young man become transparent and he could see right through him, and as he looked, he saw that the young man's heart was dark and full of evil.

When the husband wakened, he resolved

to go himself to the old stump and challenge the young man to a combat. So he told his wife that she need not gather sap that day, as he would go in her place. She said nothing, so he took the basket, the scraper and a dress of hers which he hid in the basket, and started off with the women.

Reaching the scrub pines, he took out the scraper made from the horns of an elk and scraped away the outer bark as the women were doing. When he reached the soft juicy sap bark, he pulled it off in long strips and filled his basket with it. Then, unnoticed by the women, he left them, and going among the trees, he put on his wife's dress. Reaching the stump, he struck it three times with a stick, using the strange name that he had heard her utter.

At once the young man came forth, shining like daylight and as beautiful as ever, but the husband thought of his dream about the evil heart and challenged him to a combat. The young man hesitated and would have

run away, but the husband plunged his hand into the bosom of his dress, drew forth a knife which he had concealed there and instantly cut off the head of the daylight young man. At once the head changed into that of a red-headed woodpecker. Picking it up, the husband placed it in the basket under the shavings of pine sap.

When he reached home he gave the basket to his wife, telling her to eat the sap. While she was doing this, she discovered the head. She cried out in grief. Instantly flames began to dart from the basket and to set the lodge on fire. With great rapidity, the fire spread from lodge to lodge, and in a few moments the whole village was on fire. The older people tried to fight back the flames, while the younger ones gathered up their things and began to run away in terror.

Suddenly above the roaring of the flames the harsh shriek of a woodpecker was heard, and looking up, they saw a red-headed woodpecker flying among the smoke and flames.

“Give me the head of my cousin,” he called, “give me the head of my cousin.”

When they heard his cry, the older people thought the rain would come at once, as it always does at his cry, but this time there was no sign of it and the raging fire grew worse.

“Give me the head of my cousin,” he again called, and some one picked up the head and threw it to him. At once a heavy shower of rain began to fall, and in a few moments the conflagration was extinguished and the lives of those in the village had been saved. But in his endeavor to save the head the woodpecker had burnt the end of his tail, so to this day he bears the mark of the fire as a sign of his loyalty and devotion to his cousin.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELDER BROTHER

ONCE two little brothers lived with their father in a large lodge where they were all very happy. But the father had an enemy who gave him much trouble, so he determined to kill him.

Not wishing his sons to know of this deed, he told Elder Brother to take the other, who was only an infant, and start on a journey. The boy was very obedient, so he placed his baby brother on his back and prepared to go, although he did not know why his father was sending them away.

Before they left the lodge, the father gave Elder Brother a stone arrow, a thorn, a red woodpecker's tail and a stone dagger. Then he passed his hand over the infant's mouth which caused it to speak like a grown-up person.

Elder Brother had not gone very far when the baby cried out, "Brother, the head of our father's enemy is following us."

Looking back, Elder Brother saw the head coming swiftly after them. He threw the stone arrow-head back, and as it fell to the ground, it changed to a mountain. This stopped the head's progress for a few minutes, but for only a few minutes, for the head changed itself into wind and blew over the mountain top. Then changing back again, it came swiftly in pursuit.

Again the baby cried, "The head of our father's enemy is following us."

Elder Brother threw the thorn back at the head. When the thorn touched the ground, it rapidly grew to a very large thorny bush which stopped the head's progress for only a moment. With a high jump, the head cleared the bush and started after them again.

For the third time, the baby cried out, "Brother, the head of our father's enemy is following us." This time the brother threw

back the red woodpecker's tail. When it touched the ground, it changed to a raging fire, which stopped the head's progress for several minutes.

But at length the head changed itself to wind again and blew straight through the fire. Then changing back, it followed them once more.

By this time, the brothers had reached a large lake over which was stretched a narrow dam. As Elder Brother ran over this dam, it melted away behind him. Just as he touched the farther shore, the baby cried out, "Brother, the head of our father's enemy is behind us."

Looking back, Elder Brother aimed a blow at the head with his stone dagger. As he struck it, a whale leaped up out of the water and swallowed the head, so now they breathed freely.

Placing the baby under a tree, Elder Brother made a ball for him to play with. He started off in search of food. As he did

so, he noticed a man on an iron raft paddling across the lake. When the raft drew near, he saw that the man was old and that he was paddling towards them. When near the shore, the baby, who had been tossing his ball in the air, threw it farther than he intended, and it fell on the raft. "Come and get it," called the old man to Elder Brother. Obeying him, the boy stepped on the raft, and at once the old man began to paddle out into the lake.

The baby, seeing his brother being taken away from him, cried out in great grief, but the old man only paddled the faster. Then the baby changed himself to a wolf, and running along the lake shore, tried to follow them.

When Elder Brother saw this and knew that he could never get back to his baby brother, he began to weep also.

Then the old man spoke and told him that he had a large lodge and two beautiful daughters, and that these daughters would be his

playmates, but still Elder Brother was not comforted. When they reached the lake shore, the old man stepped from the raft, leaving the boy on it. Going to a lodge on the shore, he spoke to his two daughters, who at once came down to get Elder Brother. Before speaking to him, he heard one of them say to the other: "This is not the first time our father has brought home a child to kill." By this he knew that their father must be wicked and perhaps intended to kill him.

Following the daughters into the lodge, he found the old man waiting for him with food. After they had eaten, the old man asked him to cross the lake on the raft with him to get some wood for arrows. He did as he was asked, and when they had crossed the lake, he started to climb the mountain to hunt for the wood. When he was part way up the mountain, he looked back and saw that the old man had pushed out into the lake and was going away, leaving him alone. At this

moment, he heard two snakes hissing, and turning, saw their forked tongues close to his face. Reaching for his dagger, which he knew must be a magic one because it had been the means of destroying the head, he struck at the snakes. With a blow he killed each of them, and then gathering up some wood, he started to walk back to the lodge.

Following the lake shore, he reached the lodge late at night, and on entering, he saw that the old man was surprised at his return, but he said nothing to him.

The next day the old man asked him to cross the lake to search for feathers for the arrows. He pointed out a large mountain to him and said that the Thunder-bird lived upon it and it was from this Thunder-bird that they obtained their feathers.

Reaching the shore, Elder Brother started at once to climb the mountain. Looking back, he saw that the old man had again pushed off on the raft and left him alone.

This made him very angry, but he was determined to get the feathers before he returned. Climbing the mountain, he was disappointed on reaching the top to find no trace of the feathers. As he was turning away, two winged maidens came up to him. "We are the daughters of the thunder-bird," they said. "Are you looking for feathers?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I cannot find any."

At this moment, the maidens heard their father coming. "Let me hide you," cried the younger maiden. "My father will be very angry if he sees you." Picking up Elder Brother, she placed him under one of her wing feathers. When the father came near, he exclaimed: "What is this I smell? It is like a human being — have you some one hidden?"

The maidens made no answer, so he began to search under their wing feathers. When he reached the feather where Elder Brother was hidden, the maiden rapidly slipped Elder Brother under the next one, and so on until



“‘WE ARE THE DAUGHTERS OF THE THUNDER-BIRD,’ THEY SAID.”

every feather had been lifted, but he had not been found.

Then the father felt that he had been deceived and became very angry. He flapped his large wings and sent huge thunder-bolts rolling down the mountain side. For several minutes, the terrible thunder-storm lasted; then the father, having calmed himself in this way, became very quiet. The maiden brought Elder Brother forth and the thunder-bird said nothing to him.

Elder Brother noticed with delight that the ground was now strewn with feathers. Hastily gathering an armful of these, he started down the mountain side and towards the lodge by the lake shore.

When he reached there, it was again late at night and he was very angry at being treated this way. So he threw down the feathers in the ashes of the fire with a very angry gesture. The old man was surprised at his daring to do this and thought he must be a spirit.

The next morning the old man challenged Elder Brother to a test in flying. They were to fly over the lake and back again without stopping. Elder Brother accepted the challenge. The old man changed himself to a gray jay and flew out across the water. When he was above the centre of the lake, Elder Brother clapped his hands and the jay fell into the water and was drowned. At once a great darkness followed and the daughters cried out: "Oh, bring him to life because he is wicked and will make every one suffer for this."

Elder Brother quickly paddled out on the raft to the dead bird. Lifting it from the water he jumped over it and at once the old man came to life. When they reached the shore, Elder Brother changed himself to a water-ousel and flew across the lake and back without stopping.

This proved his magical powers to the old man, so he gave him the raft and his two daughters and told him he might go in search of his brother.

Elder Brother paddled for two days. At last on a lonely part of the shore, they saw several dwarfs playing. Leaving the daughters on the raft, Elder Brother went ashore and changed himself into a stump to listen to what the dwarfs were saying. In this way he learned that they had killed his brother, the wolf, and he could see the wolf's skin and bones lying some distance away.

Changing himself quickly, he drew forth his dagger and killed the dwarfs. Then he gathered the bones of the wolf and put them all back into the skin and jumped over it. At once his brother wolf came to life. Going aboard the iron raft, they paddled far out over the lake. For several days and nights they travelled, and at last they saw something that looked like land. When they reached it, they found it to be an island.

Brother Wolf offered to swim to shore and find out whether it were habitable or not. "If I am silent," he said as he left the raft, "you will know it is not habitable, but if I

call, you may safely come to shore." For a long time they waited, then suddenly the long weird howl of the wolf reached their ears. They landed and made their home there.

Many years after, Elder Brother died. But the wolf still lives.

CAPTURED BY THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP

ONCE there was a baby whose mother kept him in a mountain sheep's skin instead of in a cradle made of moss, as was usual in that tribe. When he grew to be a man, he became a hunter and was able to follow the mountain sheep to places where no one else could climb, so he killed more than the others.

After the hunters had killed sheep, ground-hogs, porcupines and other animals, they would cut off their heads, set them up on sticks and sing and dance around them. This young hunter would also play and dance and would often say, "I wish my head were cut off too."

All this time the sheep were getting tired of losing so many of their number.

One day a number of hunters went up the mountain in search of mountain sheep.

When they reached the top they saw a large flock and began to bunch them. While they were doing this the young hunter became separated from the rest and climbed to the very top of the mountain alone.

Suddenly he met a tall, fine-looking man, who shone all over and had a long white beard. The tall man opened a door and drew the young hunter inside. He thought he was being taken inside a house but it was really into the inside of the mountain. On the floor lay piles of horns, and a number of sheep gathered around him at once. They took a pair of horns, heated them in the fire, which was burning in the centre of the floor, and then placed the horns on his head. He thought his head would be burned off, but he made no outcry. Then the tall man took the sheepskin and threw it over his shoulders.

“Now,” he said, “you belong to us, to the mountain sheep. You must live with us until we let you go back to your people.”

In the meantime his friends hunted for him all over the mountain side. At one place they found his spear stuck into the ground. They called aloud for him but there was no answer. Finally they beat their drums. Still there came no answer. Then they returned home, feeling very discouraged, but they did not mean to give up the search. For a whole year they went out every day and looked. At the end of the year one man climbed to the very top of the mountain. There he saw a large flock of sheep at a distance and he heard a human voice calling to the sheep. He knew it to be the voice of the young hunter and knew also that the mountain sheep must have captured him. He ran back and told his friends, and they all started up the mountain to look for him.

When the sheep saw him coming, they told the young hunter that if his friends would throw away their weapons, they would let him go to them with a message. When they drew near he called aloud to them, "Throw

away your weapons and I shall be able to talk to you."

They did as he told them. Then he stood among the sheep and told his friends that he was being punished for what they had done, that the sheep were angry because they put their heads on sticks and danced around them. "Only grizzly bears' heads should be treated that way," he said. "After this you must hang the sheeps' skins with their heads toward the mountain and the rising sun and you must put eagle feathers on them."

When he had finished his message, the sheep seized him and took him back into the mountains, where they had their homes.

His friends were very angry and came back the next day with dogs. The sheep saw them when they first started and told the young hunter to go and stand on a cliff and to speak to them from there. When they reached the mountain top he spoke to them and said: "This is the last time I am

to be allowed to see you. If you intend to make war upon the mountain sheep and rescue me, do it in the fall. At that time they will come down into the thick timber below the glacier and you can reach them there with your dogs."

When autumn came his friends prepared for the war. First of all they left the skins of the sheep lying around in heaps and undried, knowing that this would annoy the sheep. Then they started for the thick timber. When they reached it they saw the young hunter surrounded by the flock. He spoke to them at once: "The fathers of the sheep are suffering very much because you have left their skins undried. If you will promise never to kill any more sheep they will let me come back to you."

At once his friends broke the shafts of the spears which they used for killing sheep. This meant that they would never kill any more. Then the fine-looking man who shone all over took the horns off the young hunter's

head and the sheepskin from his shoulders and bade him go.

The young hunter came down to his friends, and with great rejoicing they took him back to the village. That night he told them to dampen the sheepskins, put them in their right positions and leave them there to dry. In the morning all the houses shook and the flesh of the sheep, which had been dried and stored up, went back to its place in the skins. When the young hunter opened the door of the room where the skins were kept they all jumped from the drying racks, marched through the door and ran off to the mountains.

After that there was never a mountain sheep killed by any one of that tribe, and the mountain sheep were so pleased with the young hunter that they sent a Spirit to be his strength and to enable him to do wonderful things. Then his people built a house for him with carved posts, and he and the Spirit lived there and performed many magical deeds.

THE SCREECH OWL

THERE was a certain woman who used to gather hemlock branches and tie them together with strings of red cedar bark, thus making a sort of blanket. This she would take down to a flat rock called Herring Rock. When the tide came in the herrings collected among the branches. She would seize them and throw them up on the beach, and afterwards would fill her basket with them. Then she would take them to her home. She did this every day during herring season.

Her mother-in-law lived with her, and one day when the woman was cooking the herrings, she said: "What are you cooking, my son's wife? I feel very hungry. I would like some." The woman replied, "I am only cooking some clams that I found." Then the mother-in-law said: "Please give me some.

I am very hungry.” She held out her hand as she spoke, and the woman turned and dropped a hot rock into it. The old woman cried out with the pain, but her son’s wife did not feel sorry and went out of the lodge.



“SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AS SHE SPOKE, AND THE WOMAN
TURNED AND DROPPED A HOT ROCK INTO IT.”

Soon after the son returned. His mother told him what had happened. He was angry when he heard about it, and he said, “What was it that she was cooking?”

“I do not know,” replied the old woman. “Every day she goes out as soon as you disappear and returns late with a basket full of

some kind of fish. But she does not let me see it."

The son and his brother, who had also returned from hunting, went out to look for the wife. Soon they saw her coming up from the shore with a large basket. They hid as she went by, so she did not see them. Then they took a canoe and went down to the place where she had been and soon had a canoe full of herring. Her husband then went up to the house and said to her, "I have a lot of herring down there in my canoe."

At once his wife ran down, and seeing that he had spoken the truth, she began calling, "Bring the basket here — bring the basket here," but her husband and his brother paid no attention to her. They were angry at the way she had treated their mother. She kept on shouting, "Bring the basket here," and her voice kept getting louder and louder. All the people in the village heard it, but none of them would go down. They all disliked her. Presently her voice began to sound

strange and the words were confused, and sometimes there came the hoot of an owl. Then her voice began to get farther and farther away. Still the people paid no attention. At last it was heard right behind the village and the words could hardly be understood at all. Then the words ceased and she merely hooted. She had become a screech owl.

Nowadays when a maiden is selfish people say that when she is married she will put a hot rock into her mother-in-law's hand and for punishment will become a screech owl.

LITTLE WOLF

MANY years ago a famine visited a village. Day after day the hunters went forth, only to come back without any food. The children were crying with hunger and they and the old people soon grew ill through starvation.

There was a certain boy in the village who felt very sad when he saw all this and he went forth each day to search for food, thinking surely he would find something, but he was not any more successful than the rest of the hunters, until one day a small animal that looked like a dog came up to him. He took it home and painted its feet and mouth with red paint so that he would not be able to lose it. Then they went forth, hunting together, and in a few moments caught a small sheep. When the boy ran to him, the sheep was dead and the boy was so pleased at this that he

cut the fat from the animal and gave it to the dog.

The next time they went out hunting the dog found a whole flock of sheep and killed them all. The boy was now able to feed his mother and his friends well with what the dog had helped him kill.

One day his sister's husband borrowed the animal to go hunting. The boy did not like to lend him, still he did not like to refuse, so he said: "Be careful of him, and when he kills an animal for you, give him the fat of the first one. That is what I do. It shows him that you are glad he is such a good hunter."

The sister's husband went away with the dog, and when they reached the hills, the animal showed him where there was a large flock of sheep. Then it ran ahead and killed one after another, until all the sheep were dead. The man was pleased, but he did not offer to give the dog any fat. It stood as if it expected some, and when it saw that the man did not

intend to feed it, it ran up the mountain yelping.

When the man returned home and told about the dog's disappearance, the boy was very sad. He at once set out to find it. The man showed him where the dog had run up the mountains, and after the boy had gone some distance, he saw footprints with little marks of red paint on them. He knew these were made by his animal, so he followed them until at last he came to a very large lake. Across this lake, he could see a town. As he stood on the shore, he thought to himself, "This lake is too large for me to swim across. How can I get over?"

At this moment he saw smoke coming from under his feet. Then a door in the ground opened and he could see an old woman sitting in a chair by a stove. She called, "My grandchild, why are you here so far from home?"

"I had a little animal," he replied, "which looked like a dog. It used to help me to



“ AT THIS MOMENT HE SAW SMOKE COMING
FROM UNDER HIS FEET.”

hunt. It has disappeared, and I am searching for it."

"It is not a dog," she answered. "It is a wolf, the son of the Wolf Chief. That is his village across the lake. I know you want to get across, for I can read thoughts. Down on the shore, you will find my canoe. Shake it and it will become large. Get in and stretch yourself in the bottom. Do not paddle, but instead just wish and you will reach the opposite shore."

The boy thanked her and went down to the place where the canoe was tied. It was a very small one, so he shook it as she had told him. Gradually it grew larger. When it was large enough he got in, stretched himself on the bottom and began to wish himself to the farther shore.

Slowly the boat floated across the lake and at last touched the shore near the town. He stepped out, shook the canoe until it was small enough to put into his pocket and then began to walk to the village. Near by some

boys were playing with a twisted rope that looked like a rainbow. When he reached the end of the village, he saw that a large evening fire had been lighted in front of the Wolf Chief's house. Around this fire many people were gathered, and his Little Wolf was playing near his father. When he drew near, Little Wolf noticed him and knew him at once. Running up to him, the wolf licked his hand. Then the Wolf Chief came forward and spoke.

"I am very much pleased with you," he said. "I sent my son to you to help you feed your people and I am pleased with the way you treated him. He cannot go back with you, of course, but I will help you in other ways." Then he went into his house and brought forth the quill of a fish-hawk. Giving it to the boy, he said :

"When you meet a bear, point this straight at him. The quill will at once fly out of your hand and kill the animal."

Then he gave the boy a blanket, saying, "One side of this will cure sickness or will

make a dead person come back to life. If you put the other side on your enemy, it will kill him."

He walked with the boy down to the lake shore, and as they passed the boys who were playing with a twisted rope, he said: "That is a rainbow they are playing with. It belongs to me. If you see it in the evening, it means bad weather. If you see it in the morning, it means good weather."

Then the boy started for home. He had been gone two years, although it seemed like two nights.

He had not gone very far when he met a bear. Remembering what he had been told, he pointed the quill at him. Immediately it flew from his hand and entered the heart of the bear. He cut the animal open and took out the quill. When he was near home, he met a flock of sheep. Once more, the quill flew from his hand and killed one sheep after another until they were all dead. Cutting them open he found the quill in the heart of

the last one. He took some of the meat for his own use and covered up the rest and went on again.

At length he came to the town. It was very silent, and he found that everybody was dead. They had all died from famine. Laying his blanket on them in turn, he brought them all back to life. They were greatly rejoiced at this, and all wanted to go hunting with him. Before they started he hid the quill for fear they would ask him to lend it as he had the dog. When they met a flock of sheep, he let the quill fly so quickly that no one noticed it. His friends were greatly surprised at the number of animals killed, and he succeeded in cutting open the last sheep and taking out his quill before they saw it.

After that, he became the most famous hunter in the village on account of this quill of the fish-hawk. And on account of his magical blanket he was also considered a wonderful medicine man.

THE FRIENDLY GIANT

ONCE there was a manly little boy who was very fond of hunting. He would take some food and go out to hunt and be gone all day. In the evening he would bring back two or three porcupines. One morning he had gone some distance when he met a giant who was as tall as the trees. He was very frightened and ran as fast as he could. But the giant followed him. The boy was a very swift runner and kept well ahead. At last he saw a cave at the foot of a hill, and reaching it, he crawled inside.

When the giant reached the door of the cave he asked the boy to come out. He spoke in a very kind voice, and at last the little fellow knew that he did not mean to hurt him, so he crept out. Then the giant said, "Come, I will carry you."

He picked the boy up, put him inside his blanket and started off with him.

They had gone a short distance when the boy saw a bird among the trees. "Grandpa,"

he said, "let me get down to shoot that bird."



"HE PICKED THE BOY UP, PUT HIM INSIDE HIS BLANKET AND STARTED OFF."

The giant placed him on the ground and he ran towards the bird and shot it. Then picking it up, he crawled inside the blanket again. Now he noticed that it was very difficult for the giant to walk.

At every step he sank deep into the moss. "How is this," thought the

boy; "since I have picked up this bird the giant cannot walk. It must be very heavy." He threw the bird away. At once the giant walked as lightly as before.

They journeyed on all day, and the boy enjoyed it so much that he forgot all about his home and his father and mother. About sundown they reached a large lake which contained many beavers' houses and which had a strong dam across it. The giant made a hole in the top of the houses and took out the beavers. Then he made a fire on the shore of the lake, skinned the beavers and cooked them. After that he dried the skins. They camped there several days, living on beavers' flesh.

The first evening when they lay down to sleep the giant told the boy to waken him if he heard any noise. "There is another giant I am afraid of," he said, "because he is much larger than I am."

The second evening the boy heard the bushes breaking and the other giant came crashing through. His head was so far above the trees that the boy could not see it. He wakened his friend just as the other giant made a leap for him. The first giant called

out, "Get my club and throw it at him." Quickly the boy seized the giant's club, which was made of the entire skeleton of a beaver. He threw it at the second giant, and when it fell on him it at once began to chew him. This gave the first giant a chance, and seizing the second giant he killed him and threw his body into the water.

After that they felt free to wander wherever they liked, so they travelled from lake to lake, killing beaver. At length winter came, and the weather began to be very severe. One night when they were sitting beside the fire the boy became very quiet. He had suddenly thought of his father and mother. The giant noticed his silence and asked him what he was thinking about. He said he was thinking of his father and mother and that he wished he could go back to them.

"You can go if you wish it," said the giant, quietly, and the boy could not understand him, for he had no idea where his home was. The giant walked to a small tree, broke it and

trimmed off the branches. Then he gave it to the boy, and said : "This will help you to find your home. When you want to know which direction you are to follow, drop it on the ground and go the way it points."

The boy thanked him, and early the next morning he started off. He travelled for several days. Many times he was lost, but the tree always showed him the right direction. At length, very weary, he arrived at the village. It was night, and the people did not see him until he reached his father's lodge. They had thought he was dead, and so were frightened at first when he appeared, but when he spoke to them, there was great rejoicing at his return.

BEAVER AND PORCUPINE

BEAVER and Porcupine were once very great friends. They went together everywhere and told each other everything they heard. Beaver liked to have Porcupine come and stay at his house because the Bear, who was an enemy of his, was afraid of Porcupine. The Bear would often come and break down Beaver's dam and so let the water run out of the lake. His plan was to catch Beaver after the water got low and then eat him.

Once Porcupine was visiting Beaver and he was quite enjoying himself because Beaver's house was nice and dry inside and Porcupine liked to be dry, but one morning they noticed that the waters of the lake were falling. Beaver looked frightened, so Porcupine said that he would go out to see what was wrong. When he came near the dam he saw the Bear

who had been breaking it down. As soon as the Bear saw him, he ran away as fast as possible because he was afraid of Porcupine's sharp quills.

After he was a safe distance away Beaver came forth and repaired the dam while Porcupine acted as guard. After it was all mended Porcupine felt very hungry and wanted to go home because he could not eat any of the food that Beaver had. He obtained his food from the bark and sap of trees. Beaver did not want him to go home, so he suggested that Porcupine should climb the tree and get his breakfast and he would wait at the foot because he could not climb. Porcupine agreed to this plan and at once climbed the tree and began eating. Then Beaver called out, "Oh, partner, what shall I do? I see the Bear coming."

Porcupine quickly ran down the tree and told Beaver to get on his back. Then he carried him up the tree, put him on a branch and finished his breakfast. After that Por-

cupine climbed away among the other branches and finally jumped down and ran away to a hole in a rock to have a talk with some other porcupines. Poor Beaver, left in the tree, called and called Porcupine to come and help him down, but all his pleadings were in vain. Porcupine either did not hear him or pretended he did not.

At last Squirrel, who was also a friend of Beaver's, came and offered to help him. Beaver gladly accepted the offer, and they started down together, but Squirrel was too small to hold Beaver's weight, and so he slipped several times and clutched at the bark of the tree to save himself from falling, and to this day, the bark of the tree is ragged because of Beaver's clumsy fall. Finally he reached the ground, and when Porcupine came back, he found Beaver swimming in the lake.

Beaver called to his friend to come down to the lake shore and he would take him for a ride on the water. Porcupine did not want to go for a ride at first because he was afraid

of getting wet, but Beaver told him to get on his back and he would not get wet. Then they started. Beaver flapped his tail, dived some distance, came to the surface, flapped his tail and went down again. He repeated this performance several times, until at last they came to an island in the middle of the lake. There he put Porcupine ashore and went flapping away in the same manner.

Little Porcupine wandered around the whole island trying to think how he could get off. He climbed the tree and had a good look around, came down and climbed another, but still he could see no way to escape from the island without getting wet. After a while he began to call for Wolverine, who lived on the mainland. He called and called him, but received no answer. Then he called all the other animals — still no answer. At last he began calling Wolverine again, and this time Wolverine answered, "What is the matter, Porcupine — why are you calling me?"

"I want the north wind to blow," Por-

cupine answered. "I want the water to freeze so that I can come to land."

At once the north wind began to blow, and in a short time the water was frozen over and Porcupine ran safely to shore; but after that, Porcupine and Beaver were no longer friends. Instead Porcupine chose the ground-hog for his friend. He went to live with him near the mountains where they could see people start for hunting.

Now whenever Porcupine sees men start for a hunt he calls out, "Come up to the land of ground-hog! Come up to the land of ground-hog!" and people always know when he sings that there is a ground-hog to be found near.

THE GIFT OF STRENGTH

ONCE in a certain village men began to disappear in a strange way. They would go up the hill behind the village for firewood and would never come back. After this had happened several times all the rest of the men went out together to kill the enemy who was taking their companions away. The women waited anxiously, but they also failed to return. Then the women and children gradually disappeared in the same strange way until there was only one old grandmother and her daughter and infant child left.

The child grew very fast, and soon was able to use the bow and arrows that his mother gave him. After he was a little older he went one day to his mother and said : "Why are all the houses in the village empty ? Where are the people who used to live in them ?"

Then his mother told him all about the

strange disappearance of his uncles, the other village men and finally of the women and children.

When he went to bed that night he kept thinking to himself of this strange happening, and he wondered and wondered what the enemy was like who had taken them all away. He made up his mind that when he grew larger and stronger, he would go out and search for this enemy. A short time after this he made himself a bow and some arrow points and asked his grandmother to make a quiver. She did so, and he then went forth a short distance into the woods on the hillside, but he was afraid to go very far. The next morning he felt more courageous, and determined to go a long distance this time and not to say anything about it to his mother. So he started, and after climbing for some time, he reached a creek of black water which ran from under the glacier. Just then he noticed a large man standing on the bank of the creek. The man turned to him and said :

“My son, get into this creek until the water is up as far as your neck and sit there until I call you out, no matter how cold the water is.”

The boy did not dare to disobey, so he waded into the water and sat down. The man watched him for a long time until the water around him began to shake. Then he said: “Come out now, I see you are becoming very cold.”

The boy very gladly came out. The man pointed to a short tree and said, “Try to pull up that tree.” The boy obeyed, and it came up very easily. “Now, try to break this stone,” said the man, pointing to a large round stone. The boy struck it a mighty blow and it broke in two pieces. The man seemed pleased at this. “Come again to-morrow morning,” he said as he turned away.

The following day the boy came earlier. The man was there waiting for him and again told him to sit in the creek until he shivered. The boy did as he was told, and when the

water began to shake around him, he came out. The man pointed to a larger tree and told him to pull it up. With a jerk it came up by the roots. Then he pointed to a large shiny rock and said, "Break that if you can." Using the tree as a club, the boy struck the rock. The tree broke into slivers but the rock remained intact. The man did not seem angry, but said, "Run home now, come up early to-morrow morning."

The third day the boy was there before daylight. When he had been in the water long enough to begin to shiver, the man said, "Now come out and try this tree." It was a wild maple, and when the boy broke it with the greatest ease, the man seemed much surprised. Then he pointed to a huge rough rock. The boy struck it a tremendous blow and the rock flew around him in showers. Then the man smiled at him. After that he began taking off his own moccasins, leggings and shirt. These were all beautifully worked with porcupine quills, and the sole of one moc-

casin was made of a whetstone. He gave them all to the boy and told him to put them on, saying : "My name is Strength. I came here to help you grow strong so that you might be able to bring back the people of your village. Go up this valley, keeping always in the middle, for on one side is a glacier. At the top of the mountain you will hear some one calling and you will see a large town. This is the town of the Wolf People and they took your uncles and all the others from your village. When you get within reach of them, strike them with your club. It will kill them if it touches them. Then run up the mountain — never run down or you will be caught. If you become tired, think of me and you will become stronger."

As he finished speaking, the large man disappeared and the boy was left alone.

He started up the valley, being careful to keep in the middle. When he reached the end of it, he heard some one calling. Looking down, he noticed a large town and saw the

people running towards him. When they came near, he struck them with his club and they fell dead, although he could not feel his club strike them. He ran up the mountain. Some of the people followed him, and he kept on striking every one that came near enough until all were destroyed. Then he went back to the place where he had first met his friend. The large man sat there waiting for him.

“You have done well, my son,” he said, “but you must go back. There is another village on the opposite side of the valley. Go there and call to the people and ask for your uncles’ lives and the lives of the village people. Say that if they do not give them to you, you will strike the village with your club. If they decide to grant your request, they will give you a box, and be sure that you do not strike their village unless they refuse.”

The boy started up the valley once more and soon reached the second village. He called aloud, but no one came forth from the house. Then he went to the door of the first

house and told them what he had come for. They said : "We do not know where your uncles' lives are. Go to the next house." When he went to it, they sent him on to the next one. This happened at every house, until at last he reached the end of the village and there was only one more door to go to, but this was the house of the Town Chief, and when he entered it and told what he had come for and said : "If you do not give me the lives of my uncles and the village people I will strike your village," the Chief spoke quickly and said : "Do not strike the village. I will give you the lives." Then he handed the boy a box, saying, "This is a magical box. It contains the lives of those who disappeared from your village. Leave it in each house for four days and see what will happen."

The boy returned home very happy at having accomplished his mission. He went to the house of his uncle who had been the Chief of the village and placed the magical box in the centre of the floor.



"THEN HE HANDED THE BOY A BOX, SAYING,
"THIS IS A MAGICAL BOX.'"

At the end of the fourth day great noises were heard in the house. Running to it he found his uncle and all the rest of his relatives walking around and talking very happily.

When he appeared among them they embraced him for joy and praised him for his courage and bravery.

Then he took the box to the next house and left it there for four days. Hearing a noise at the end of the fourth day they all ran and looked in. There stood the man and his wife in the middle of the room, and suddenly, as if springing from the box, their child appeared beside them. Weeping for joy they embraced each other and then came forth to rejoice with the others.

After that he took the box to each house in turn until every person was back, and once more it was a happy and inhabited village.

THE SWING ON THE CLIFF

THERE was once an old woman who lived with her married son and his wife. They had a little baby and the old woman had also an orphan boy whom she had adopted. The son was very good to his wife, and when he returned each day from hunting, he brought her the lip of a moose, the kidney of a bear or some other choice morsel. These she would cook until they were quite crisp, for she liked to make a noise when she was eating. This would make the old woman very angry, for she was jealous of all the attentions her son paid his wife, and besides she would have liked the dainties herself.

At last she could stand it no longer, so one day when her son was away, she asked her daughter-in-law to come for a walk with her. They left the orphan boy in charge of the baby and went out along the lake shore.

When they had gone quite a distance, they reached some rocky cliffs and the old woman told her daughter-in-law to follow her to the top of one of them. When they reached there she showed her a swing which she had made. The old woman then took off her outer garments, and tying the broad leather strap which hung from the swing around her waist, she began to swing back and forth. Each time her body went out farther, until at last she swung over the edge of the cliff. After she had done this several times, she stopped and told her daughter-in-law to take her turn at swinging. The daughter-in-law accordingly took off her outer garments and tied the leather strap around her waist. Then the old woman began to swing her. Out she went, and farther out the next time, each sweep being longer than the first.

At last when her body was far out over the cliff, the old woman slyly cut the strap and let her fall down, down into the waters of the lake. She sank and did not come up. Then



"THEN THE OLD WOMAN BEGAN TO SWING HER."

the old woman put on her daughter-in-law's garments, and as it was now getting dark, she started homewards. When she reached the lodge, she met the orphan boy at the door.

"Where is the baby's mother?" he asked.

"She is still swinging," replied the old woman, but the boy looked at her doubtfully. He did not believe what she told him. After the old woman had entered the lodge, he ran along the lake shore towards the cliffs to see if she had spoken the truth.

When the old woman entered the lodge, she found the baby crying pitifully. Taking it in her arms, she sat down in the darkest corner. When the husband entered, he thought she was his wife and gave her the choice bits of meat. She began to cook them but kept her face turned away. He wondered why she did not speak and he missed his old mother, but he did not ask for her. The baby kept on crying, and at length he asked her why it cried so much. She said

she did not know, but still kept her face averted.

After a while she went outside for some wood, and while she was away, the boy returned. Quickly he told the husband all he knew, that he had been to the cliffs and had seen the swing there but there was no one swinging. The husband was very angry but he did not know what to do.

When morning came he blackened his face, placed his spear upside down in the ground and prayed to the Mighty Spirit. He asked that if his wife were drowned in the lake, there might come thunder and lightning so that her body would come to the top. After he had prayed he waited. The sun still shone and there was no sign of a storm, so he knew his wife could not be drowned. Then he began to fast and he sent the boy to play with the baby on the lake shore.

They had not been gone very long when the boy came running back very swiftly.

"Come with me," he said to the husband.

"I have seen your wife. We were on the lake shore and the baby was crying, when suddenly a gull came up from the centre of the lake. It flew over the water towards us, and when it lighted on the shore, it changed to a woman. She had a strap around her waist and a metal chain. She nursed the baby until it stopped crying and she told me that she could not come home, but whenever the baby cried, to bring it to the shore and she would come to it."

The husband on hearing this at once prepared to go with the boy. When they reached the shore they sat down to wait. After a while the baby cried. Suddenly a sea-gull rose from the water and came flying towards the land. When it alighted near them, it changed to a woman. Around her waist was a leather strap and a white metal chain. Her husband knew at once that this chain was attached to something below the water, so raising his spear, he severed it. His wife ran to him weeping for joy and told him that a

water tiger had taken her to his lodge when she first sank beneath the water and had kept her there, only allowing her to come when the baby cried.

However, now that the chain was cut, she was free to go home with her husband, so they all started back to the lodge together. When they entered the lodge, the old woman, who was seated in a corner, looked at them for just a moment, then hung her head in despair. Suddenly there was a rustle and the noise of wings and a huge bat flew over their heads and out of the lodge.

It was the old woman, who had been changed this way as a punishment, and she was never seen again.

THE SHINING SALMON

THERE was a small boy who was called Lively-frog-in-pond, and he and his parents once went to camp on the bank of the salmon stream. While his father was catching fish, he used to bait snares for sea-gulls. One day, after he had been playing this way for some time, he felt hungry and he went into the house, saying, "Mother, I am very hungry."

His mother gave him a piece of dried salmon, but after he had taken it he began to cry and said: "I do not like this salmon. It is all mouldy at one corner." Then he threw it on the floor and ran out. At this moment some one down at the stream shouted, "There is a sea-gull in your snare."

Lively-frog-in-pond ran as quickly as he could to the snare, but when he tried to catch the sea-gull, it swam away from him.

He waded out after it, when suddenly his feet slipped into a hole and he disappeared under the water. In a short time his parents missed him and they began to search along the bank of the creek. Then they looked in the water and called aloud, but there was no answer. All night they hunted, never stopping to eat or to sleep. All that summer they kept on searching for their son, but they could never find him. At last, very sadly, they stopped looking, for they were sure he must be dead.

But Lively-frog-in-pond was not dead. After he had fallen into the hole, he felt himself surrounded by hundreds of moving, slippery bodies, and when he looked, he saw that they were the salmon people. They were all rushing about at the mouth of the creek and seemed very happy because they had captured him. Then they began to swim out to sea with him towards their home.

After a short time the Salmon Chief spoke and said, "You are going to be my son

now," and Lively-frog-in-pond noticed that he was no longer a boy but had been changed into a salmon and looked exactly like the others.

The sea-gull who had come along with them now spoke and said, "You have been changed to a fish because you threw away the piece of dried salmon your mother gave you."

The boy felt very sorry because he had been so impatient, but that could not help him now. Very soon after this they reached the home of the salmon people and here he lived with them for a year.

At the end of that time it was the month when the salmon returned, so one day they all started off together. They had gone some distance when they came to a strange object in the water which they called *sit*. This *sit* would give scars to whichever one happened to get caught in it. Sometimes it would even cut them in two as it opened and shut, but this time they all passed through

safely, and on the other side, they met a large crowd of herring people going the other way. They stopped to talk for a while, but the herring people only answered them with taunts and so they soon passed them by.

After that the salmon gathered together and said to one another, "Where are we going?" Some answered "To the Stikine River," some said, "To Chilkat," and then others, "To Nass," and others cried, "To Alsek." They mentioned all the rivers. Then the Chief spoke and said, "We shall not go to any of the rivers. We shall go to the creek by the town."

Now this was where Lively-frog-in-pond had lived before the salmon people had captured him, so he felt very glad when he heard this and leaped for joy when they entered the mouth of the creek.

The salmon went up the creek in two schools, and as Lively-frog-in-pond was jumping in the water, his mother noticed him, but of course she did not recognize him.

She said to his father, "There is a very fine fish here. Come and spear him." His father immediately did so, and after that, Lively-frog-in-pond remembered no more. Then his father said, "This is a very fine fish. Cut it and eat it while it is fresh."

His mother at once prepared to cut off its head, but her knife would not go through — it struck against something hard — and when she looked, she saw the copper necklace that had been around her son's neck. She cried, "This is my son. He must have been captured by the salmon people."

Now she took a mat filled with feathers. Opening it she placed the salmon among the feathers. Then she put the mat on the top of the house and left it there. All this time his friends in the house kept singing songs for him.

After four days had passed they put him in a pool where salt water and fresh water mingled and they also put his drum in there beside him. In a short time they looked and

saw that he had become very bright and shone like gold and that his drum had vanished into a deep hole in the bottom of the pool.

From that time on, he remained there in the water, always shining and beautiful, and when there was going to be plenty of salmon, they would hear his drum sounding in the deep place.

THE WAMPUM CRADLE

A MOTHER once had a beautiful baby which she kept in a cradle made of wampum. All the trimmings and the straps were made of this rare material, and when the sun shone in the lodge on the beautiful blue and white beads, the cradle just seemed to suit the baby, with its lovely blue eyes and white skin.

The mother also had a little dog which loved the baby nearly as much as she did. One day she went out to the forest to get some firewood and she told the dog to guard the baby in the cradle and to bark if any one came. When she had been gone some time, she heard the dog barking for her, and running as swiftly as she could to the lodge, she found it empty. The baby, the cradle and the dog were all gone.

She ran outside, but could see no signs of

them. Looking closely at the ground, she found traces of a woman's footprints.

"Ah, I know!" she cried, "these are the footprints of Mukakee, that wicked old woman who always steals children." She followed these marks, and a little distance farther on she found pieces of the wampum cradle.

"My faithful little dog has been trying to take the cradle away from her and save my child," she said. There were no further signs to be seen, and she went on, weeping. Presently she came to a lodge, at the door of which sat an old woman. "Grandchild," she said, "why are you weeping?"

"Mukakee has stolen my child," the mother said, "and I do not know where to find him."

The old woman arose and walked back to the end of her lodge. Then she returned with a pair of moccasins in her hands. "Take these moccasins, grandchild," she said, "and put them on. They will lead you to another

lodge, and when you reach it, another old woman will take care of you. Remove these moccasins then and turn their toes homeward so that they will return to me."

The mother thanked her and at once put on the moccasins. Immediately she felt like walking, and letting the moccasins guide her, she travelled for many miles over valleys and streams. At last she saw another lodge with an old woman sitting at the door.

"I have been expecting you, grandchild," said the old woman, "and I have a pair of moccasins ready for you."

The mother sat down at the doorway, and removing her moccasins, placed them with their toes turned in the direction in which she had just come. At once they started off. She watched them until they vanished in the distance. Then she put on the pair which the second old woman had ready for her. At once she felt like walking again, although a few moments before she had been both weary and hungry, so without

stopping to either rest or eat, she set forth again. This time the moccasins led her over a wide prairie and up a high mountain. She travelled on, not caring where she went and not knowing how long she had been walking.

At length she reached a third lodge, and there, as she had been told, sat an old woman with a pair of moccasins in her hands. When she reached her, she removed her moccasins as before and turned their toes homeward. In a few moments, they had vanished as the first pair had done. Then she tied on the new ones. Once more she felt like walking, and started forth without rest or food. On and on she went, across valley and stream and prairie. How long she travelled she never knew, but she came to many lodges and at each one she set forth again ready to go on until the moccasins were ready to stop.

At last she reached a lodge that was larger than any of the others, and the old woman seated at the door had the kindest face of all. "I am glad to see you, my grandchild,"

she said. "You have had a very long journey and you have been very brave. Do you know how long you have been travelling?"

"I do not know," the mother replied, "but it must be many moons since I started."

"It is indeed many moons, my grandchild," the old woman answered, "so many moons that your son who was stolen when an infant is now a young hunter and lives in that lodge yonder."

As she spoke she pointed to a lodge on the other side of the trees. The mother wanted to go to it at once, but the old woman said: "No, do not do that, my grandchild. Rest here to-night and to-morrow morning build yourself a lodge of cedar boughs near that of your son. Then place near the door of it a bark dish containing food."

The mother did as the old woman told her, waiting patiently through the night. She began early the next morning to build herself a lodge of cedar boughs near the one in which her son lived. When it was finished,

she made a dish of bark and placed food in it. This she placed just outside the door. In a few moments a dog came out of the other lodge. It scented the food and came over to eat. When it did so it noticed the mother. With a sharp, glad bark, it ran to her and licked her hands and jumped around her. Then it ran back quickly to the lodge and told the young hunter what it had seen.

"I have found your real mother," the dog said. "This old woman who calls herself your mother is really Mukakee, a wicked witch. She stole you years ago and I followed to try and save you. Now come with me and see your real mother." The young man followed the dog to the next lodge, but he did not quite believe the story, and when his mother told it to him, he still felt doubtful, so she said to him, "Go back to your lodge and pretend to be ill. When asked what is wrong with you, say you want to see your cradle. It was made of wampum and here are the beads that your faithful dog

bit out when he tried to save you. Make the old woman show it to you and you will see that I speak the truth."

He went back to his lodge, and when he entered, he said to the old woman, "Mother, why am I so different from your other children?"

"Because the day you were born, the sky was a beautiful clear blue," she answered; "but why are you sick? What is wrong with you?"

"I want to see my cradle," he answered. "That will make me better."

She went away and brought a cradle of cedar.

"No, that is not mine," he replied. "I want to see my own."

Then she brought the cradles belonging to her other children, — she had four more sons, — but he refused to look at any of them. "I want my own cradle," he kept saying. At length she brought forth a beautiful cradle made of wampum. When he looked at it

he could see places where there were pieces torn out and he could even see marks of a dog's teeth. At once he felt better, and rising up he called his dog and said they would go hunting. They had not been gone long when he killed a fat bear. This he put on the top of a tall pine tree, and after that, he and the dog stripped the tree of all its branches and bark. Then he returned to his lodge.

"I have killed a bear," he said to the old woman, "but it is far from here, even to the ends of the earth."

"It is not too far for me to find it," said Mukakee, and she started forth at once. She was a long time finding it, and a still longer time in climbing the tree, but at length she succeeded in getting down the carcass of the bear. When she returned to her lodge she found that the young hunter and his dog were gone, together with his real mother. This made her very angry, and she started off at once in pursuit. When the hunter saw her coming, he threw back his

fire steel. This fell at her feet and caused her to slip, and so delayed her for a few minutes, but getting up, she was gaining once more when he threw back his flint. This made her stumble, and she hurt her knees, but getting up again, she began to gain, when he called out :

“Snake-berries, grow in her path !” At once her path became covered with these berries and she stopped to eat them. When her hunger was satisfied, she ran on again, and had nearly caught up with them when the young hunter in desperation called out to the dog, “Chew her to death, for she is annoying us.”

At once the dog seized her and tore her to pieces and they escaped in safety to their home, where the faithful little dog joined them and was always given the best of care as a reward for his devotion to his master.

THE TYRANT CHIEFTAINS

MANY years ago four orphan brothers and one sister lived together. Their father had been a great Chief of the Nadowas tribe, and the four brothers were also brave warriors. The maiden was very fond of her fearless brothers, and she and her aunt, who had lived with them since the death of their parents, would sit and listen every night to tales of their brave deeds.

Once they all went hunting together, and when they returned at night, one brother was missing. They watched for him all through the night, and the next morning the other brothers went out searching for him. They found his dead body in the forest and knew that he had been killed by some enemy.

The next year the same thing happened to the second brother, and the next year it happened to the third. The sister had

mourned so much at the death of her brothers that she had become almost unable to walk. She would scarcely eat anything, and she spent all her time in thinking of them and weeping for their loss.

Every day the remaining and last brother would go forth to hunt and bring back ducks and birds to tempt her, but she persisted in refusing to eat, or if she did eat, it was such a little bit that it could hardly sustain life in her body. At last he determined to find some fresh venison for her to see if that would make her eat.

Early the next morning he started, and all during the day the maiden watched for his return. Every little while she would go forth from the lodge to see if there were any sign of him. At length evening came. Still he was not home. Then the night drew on. Still there was no sign. She sat up all night trembling with fear, and when daylight came, she and some of her relatives started forth to search.

The relatives went ahead, and after going some distance into the forest, they found his dead body and knew that he had been killed by the same enemy. The maiden was utterly disconsolate after that, and wandered through the woods all day, returning to the lodge at night.

Day after day she did this, but at last one night she did not return. Her aunt went forth to search for her and continued the search for ten days, but could find no trace of the maiden. At the end of the tenth day the aunt became bewildered in the forest and lost her way. She wandered around, not knowing where she was going, and when night came, she lay down, worn out with fatigue. Just then she heard a voice. It seemed to be wailing and sobbing. Rising up, she groped her way through the forest in the direction from which the sound came, and at last she came upon a small lodge made of bushes. Looking within, she found her niece lying with her face pressed to the ground.

She entered and tried to persuade the maiden to go home with her. When morning came they both started back to the lodge but the maiden was so ill and worn out with grief that she could scarcely walk. At last she stopped and begged her aunt to make her a small lodge. This her aunt did, and the maiden went in it to live by herself, while her aunt cared for her every day.

One day when she was lying there all alone, a Bright Spirit appeared before her. He was clad in shining white raiment and his feet did not touch the ground but seemed to rest on the air. When he spoke his voice was very sweet.

“My child,” he said, “why are you mourning this way? I have come to console you. You must rise and go forth from here. I shall give all the land of your brothers’ enemies to you and deliver them into your hands. When I am gone slay the animal that you will see here. Then tell your relatives and all the people of the tribe about this

vision that you have seen. After that act according to the mind which I will give you. I will deliver your enemies into your hands and I will come again to see you."

As he ceased speaking he ascended and was lost to view in the clouds. Looking at the place to which he had pointed, the maiden now saw a bear. She at once arose and went home to her aunt's lodge. There she told her relatives what she had seen. Some of them went at once to the place where she had seen the bear and killed it. They brought it to the village and cooked it over a large fire. Then the maiden invited all the people of the tribe of Nadowas to come to the feast, and when they had come, she told them about the vision and explained what it meant.

She said that she knew who her brothers' enemies were. In the midst of the Nadowas people there lived at this time Twin Chieftains. They were Nadowas also and belonged to the Bear tribe, but all the rest of

the people both hated and feared them, for they were very cruel and tyrannical. They wanted to be rulers, and so they had made themselves head of two tribes, the Bear and the Deer Totem. The Deer people disliked them as much as the others did, but they were so afraid of the Tyrants that they allowed themselves to be kept in bondage.

The maiden declared that she was sure these Twin Chieftains were her brothers' enemies, and she wanted all the tribe to make preparations for war against them. They agreed, and the preparations were begun. Messengers were sent to each tribe of the six nations to tell them to come to the village on a certain day.

In a short time the Indians began to assemble from all along the lakes. They came across the water in canoes and reached the village late in the fall. By early winter they were all there. Then one day the six tribes started on their march, with the maiden as their leader. They crossed the ice of the

lake and the line was so long that it covered the surface of the lake and the ice cracked with the weight.

They encamped at the head of the lake and the maiden then sent out the hunters to kill eighteen bears. When the sun was high the hunters returned with the bears. A huge fire was lighted and the bears were roasted for a feast of sacrifice.

During the feast a sudden hush fell upon them all, for the Bright Spirit had suddenly appeared. He spoke to the maiden only. He told her to send messengers to the people of the Deer Totem, who were part of the Twin Tyrants' tribe, to tell them to put their totem poles outside their lodges that night. The next morning they must be sure to stay inside their homes; not a man, woman or child should venture outside the lodge. If they did go outside, they would surely be consumed along with the Tyrants and the rest of the village.

Then Bright Spirit added to the maiden:

“Do not approach the open plain until the sun has risen. Then you will see destruction come upon your enemies and they will be delivered into your hands.”

The maiden at once sent messengers to the people of the Deer Totem. They reached the village by night, and these people, immediately after they had been told, put their poles outside the doors of their lodges. Upon these poles they hung the skins of deer. When daylight came the Tyrants saw these poles with the deer skins hanging from them and they laughed in derision.

“Our friends must have had bad dreams,” they said, “that they put their totem poles outside their doors.” But the Indians within the lodges were silent and did not answer when the Tyrants called to them.

During the night the maiden with her great army marched from the head of the lake in the direction of the village where her enemies lived.

When they had reached the edge of the

forest skirting the open plain, they waited there. As the sun rose, she gave the word and they all marched out and across the plain towards the village. Just as they reached it, the village became suddenly enveloped in flames.

The people of the Deer Totem ran through the fire and escaped. The Twin Tyrants in trying to escape were seized by the maiden's warriors, bound and taken prisoners. Then, one by one, all those belonging to the Tyrants' tribe were captured, while their village was utterly destroyed.

Then they all marched back to the head of the lake and camped at their former camping place. The land of her brothers' enemies now belonged to the maiden and to her people, the Nadowas, and she divided it among them. After consulting her Chieftains, she set free her prisoners — all but the Twin Tyrants. These were taken by her warriors and tortured and put to death.

When they were all ready to start back to

their home, Bright Spirit appeared once more. He spoke to no one, but taking the maiden with him, he ascended to the clouds with her. She never came back to earth. At the head of the lake, where they had encamped, there is a flinty rock which bears the outline of two men bound together who are recognized to this day as the Twin Tyrants.

TOSHKA AND WALO

TOSHKA AND WALO were two little brothers who lived long ago. When Walo was three years old he wandered away from the lodge one day, into the deep forest. Suddenly a little creature not any larger than himself, but having the face of an old man, jumped from behind a tree, seized him and began to drag him through the bushes.

He did not know that it was Kwanokasha, or Little Spirit, who always seizes children whenever he sees one away from home. Holding to Walo's arm, Little Spirit took him through the forest and out into a rough, broken part of the country. After they had gone a long distance, he stopped in front of a cave under some large rocks. Rolling away a stone which served as a door, he pulled Walo within. Three spirits came forth from the darkness of the cave to meet them. They

were all very old and had long white hair. The first one drew forth a bright knife, which he offered to Walo. The child drew back frightened and would not take it. Then the second spirit held out a bunch of herbs to him. Again Walo shook his head and would not accept the gift.

Then the third spirit held a bunch of roots and leaves towards him. Walo liked the look of this spirit's face, so he took this gift from his hand. Then Little Spirit spoke and said:

"My child, I am glad you did not take the knife from the first spirit. If you had, you would have grown up to be a bad man and might even have killed your friends. I am glad also that you did not take the second gift, for that would have meant that you would never be able to cure or even to help others, because those herbs are all poisonous. But this third gift means that you will grow to be a great medicine man and be very influential in your tribe."

The three spirits now gathered around and they and Little Spirit told Walo the secrets of making medicine from these roots and leaves and how to heal the sick with this medicine.

Walo remained three days in the cave with Little Spirit, and by the end of that time they had taught him all these secrets. Then Little Spirit told him that he would now take him home, but he must never tell any one where he had been or what had been given to him. Walo promised, and Little Spirit led him across the rough, stony country and through the forest until he could see his own home. Then he disappeared, and Walo ran towards the lodge. They were all overjoyed to see him because they had been afraid he was dead. They questioned him as to where he had been, but he never told any one, not even his brother Toshka.

The next day he and Toshka began to play at their favorite game. That was to watch the sun rise in the morning, watch it

pass high overhead and then sink in the West. They wondered, as they always had, where the sun went when he sank, and suddenly they made up their minds that they would follow him and see where he went.

The next morning they rose early and prepared for the journey. When the sun was overhead they started. They walked all day, and by sundown they were still in their own country, where they knew all the hills and rivers. They lay down to sleep on the bank of a creek, and when morning came, they again rose and followed the sun.

By sundown they were still in their own country, but the third night they found themselves in a strange land. Day after day they followed, until many, many months and even years had gone by. They grew from small boys to tall ones, and at last they grew to be men. One day as they were still journeying on, they reached a great expanse of water. The only land that they could see was the shore on which they stood, and

when the sun sank that night, he disappeared into the water.

At first they did not know what to do. They feared to follow him any farther because they thought they could not walk on the water. At last they ventured a few steps and found that it supported them, so they passed rapidly over it, and on the other side, they reached the house of the sun. Opening the door they entered and found the sun within, and around him were all the stars, while the moon was his wife. The moon looked surprised at seeing them, and said, "Why are you so far from home?"

"We have followed the sun in his daily journey ever since we were little boys," they replied. "That is why we are here."

The sun turned to his wife and asked her to boil some water. When this was done he dipped the boys into it and kept them there until he brought their skins off. Then he asked them if they knew the way home. They replied that they did not. Taking them

outside he led them to the edge and told them to look over. They did so but could not see their home.

Then he asked them why they had followed him, as it was not time for them to come to heaven and this was heaven here where he lived. They answered him that the only reason they had for coming was to see where he sank. Then the sun replied :

“I shall now send you home, but when you reach there, you must not speak for four days. If you do, you will die. Otherwise you will live and prosper.”

Then he called the buzzard, and that huge bird came at once. The boys were placed on his back and he flew swiftly down in the direction of the earth. Far below them lay the clouds, and above them stretched heaven. As they floated down it was easy to hold on because there was never any wind above the clouds, but after they had passed through them, the wind began to blow in all directions at once. They clung to the buzzard's neck

with all their strength. Several times they nearly fell off, but at last they reached the earth in safety. As they came near the



"HE FLEW SWIFTLY DOWN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EARTH."

ground, they recognized the trees around their old home, and in a moment, the buzzard had set them on the ground at the edge of the forest. Here they rested beneath the trees

for a time. As they lay there an old man passed by who recognized them. He spoke but they did not answer. He went on to their home and told their mother that he had seen them. She hastened to her sons at once and began talking to them.

At first they did not answer, but when she begged them to tell her where they had been, they felt that they must speak, so they went home with her and told her all they had seen. Then they added that now they must die, as they had done what the sun told them they must not do. Their mother began weeping in great sorrow, when suddenly Walo remembered the medicine that he had learned to make. He at once went to the place where he had hidden it, and returning, he gave some to Toshka and took some himself. Now they were safe. They both grew strong and lived for many years after that.

Walo became a great medicine man as Little Spirit had told him he would, and he became also the most powerful man in the tribe.

THE COMING OF THE TRIBES

ONCE all the Indians lived under the ground near the mountains. All the tribes were there, and above ground there were no Indians, only the birds and animals. One day a young man found his way to the surface, where the great light and beauty delighted him, and as he was gazing around, he saw a deer run past him with an arrow in its side.

He followed it, and after going a few yards it fell. When he reached its side it was dead. He looked at it, and thought that it looked a very harmless animal. Then he noticed other tracks besides those of the deer. In a few moments the person who had killed the deer came up.

It was the Mighty Spirit himself, and he had shot the deer on purpose to show the Indian what he would have to do now that he was on earth. He told him how to skin and

dress the animal, and stood beside him as he tried to follow the directions. At first the Indian could not do it at all, but after he had been told a couple of times, he managed to separate the skin from the flesh.

Then the Mighty Spirit told him to make a fire. This the Indian could not do because he was ignorant of fire. The Mighty Spirit then made the fire himself, put some of the flesh on a stick and told the Indian to roast it. He tried to do this, but one side of the meat was burned while the other side was raw. Then he tried again, and finally succeeded in cooking it the right way.

The Mighty Spirit then taught him many other things belonging to the hunter's art, and told him that now he was a hunter and must teach the other Indians.

He then called the other Indians from the earth. They came in their order, tribe by tribe. To each tribe he gave a Chief, and then he put a Head Chief over all. The Mighty Spirit instructed the Head Chief

what to say to the tribes, what to teach them to do to please him and what to tell them not to do for fear of displeasing him. Then they killed an animal and all held a feast.

Some time after that, Mighty Spirit made Good, who went forth at once to cause grass, flowers and fruit to grow and do many things to give pleasure to others. Scarcely had he started when his brother Evil appeared by his side. Evil began at once to thwart all the plans of Good. He made stony and flinty places to appear where Good had caused grass to grow. He made poisonous fruits to grow on bushes beside the good fruits. Then he went among the tribes and caused continual mischief.

Good repaired all this mischief as fast as he could, but he found that his work was never done. At last after this had gone on for some time, Good determined to destroy his brother Evil, but he wanted to do it quietly, so he challenged Evil to run a race with him.

Evil consented, and they fixed on a place.

"But before we start," said Good, "tell me what thing you dread most." "Buckhorns," replied Evil. "Now tell me what you dread most." "Grass braid," returned Good.

Evil hastened at once to their lodge and asked his grandmother to make him a quantity of grass braid. She did this gladly because she was very fond of Evil. When it was finished, he hung it on the limbs of the trees and across the path along which Good had to run.

While he was busy doing this, Good was placing buckhorns all along Evil's path.

The next morning the race was started. Good offered to run first because he had been the one to give the challenge. He started off very fast, and Evil ran alongside to see that he did not cheat. When noon came, Good was very tired, so reaching for some of the grass braid which hung from the trees, he ate it and was greatly refreshed. Then he ran on again. When it was near sundown Evil begged him to stop because he

was feeling tired, but Good, who was still fresh, would not stop and a little while after sundown reached the goal successfully.

The next day Evil started to run his race. He had scarcely begun when he felt tired. Everywhere there were buckhorns which greatly hampered him. By noon he entreated Good to let him stop, but Good would not consent, so Evil ran steadily on during the afternoon but kept feeling weaker as the horns appeared in greater number the farther he went. At last, just at sundown, he fell, and Good, picking up one of the horns, struck him with it and killed him.

Good then returned in triumph to his lodge. There he found his grandmother very angry, for she knew what had happened, and she did not like him, while she loved Evil very much.

During the night Good was roused by the sound of voices. He listened and knew it was his grandmother and the ghost of Evil talking. Evil was begging to come in, but Good went to the lodge door and refused him

admission, saying that he could never enter that lodge again.

"Then," said Evil, "I will go to the Northwest, and you shall never see me any more. All that follow me shall share the same fate. They will never come back, for Death will keep them forever."

Early the next morning Good went forth. There was now no one to oppose him in doing good, so he told one tribe after another of Evil's flight and warned them not to go near the Northwest. They were all happy now and learned to do many things—to make clothes from the skins of animals and weapons for war.

The Head Chief taught them to do this as the Mighty Spirit had told them he would. After Good had visited all the tribes he returned to his lodge. He reached it by night and found his grandmother still ill-humored. Seeing this, he seized her quickly and threw her up to the moon, and there she remains to this day.

THE HUNTER AND THE ALLIGATOR

ONE winter there were many hunters in the same village, all of whom had killed a number of deer. But there was one there who had never had any luck. Very often he would get close to a deer and would be ready to pull his bow, but the animal always managed to escape unharmed.

The other hunters felt sorry for him, and each day when they set forth they would tell him that this time he would have luck, but when night came and they sat around the fire telling of the day's hunt, he never had anything to tell.

One morning, however, he set forth determined to bring back an animal even if it took him a week to find one and to kill it. At the end of the first day he was quite a long distance from the camp and he had not even seen a deer. He felt discouraged, but he made

a bright fire of oak logs and sat down beside it. Soon he began to feel more cheerful, and after a while he fell asleep. He did not know how long he had been sleeping when he was suddenly roused by the hoot of an owl. He opened his eyes and saw a huge owl standing by the fire.

"What am I to do?" he thought to himself.

"What am I to do?" repeated the owl in a hoarse voice.

"Why, it is repeating what I think," he said to himself.

"Why, it is repeating what I think," the owl mimicked.

Then the hunter knew that this was not really an owl, but a Bad Spirit which often assumed the form of an animal or a bird so that it could annoy people, and it was able to read men's thoughts.

The owl stood there for some time repeating everything he thought and taunting him with being a poor hunter. At last he could stand it no longer, so he jumped up and stirred the

fire vigorously. Showers of bright sparks flew up in the air as he did this and fell down on the owl. They burned its feathers, and in great alarm it flew away.

After this he sat for a long time by the fire watching for fear it might return, but he saw no more of the Bad Spirit.

The next day he went on with his search for a deer, but with the same lack of success. The third day he set out as before. When the sun was high overhead and he was walking over a sandy part of the country, he suddenly stopped and stared in frightened amazement. There lay a huge alligator resting on a dry, sandy spot. The alligator noticed him and called to him to come closer. With slow, timid steps he came within a few yards of the animal and then stopped. He could see that its skin was dry and shrivelled and it was so weak that it could scarcely speak. As he stopped, the alligator spoke.

"Can you tell me where there is any water to be found?" it asked in a small voice.

"Yes," he replied, "in that forest over yonder, a short journey from here, there is a deep pool of clear cold water."

"But I cannot travel alone," replied the alligator weakly. "I am faint and I cannot go so far. Come near to me so that we can talk and plan." As the hunter hesitated, the alligator added, "Do not have any fear. I cannot harm you for I am too weak to move."

The hunter approached until he stood quite close to it and he listened in silence as the alligator went on, "I know you are a hunter and a good hunter but that all the deer escape from you. If you will carry me to the pool of water, I will make you a very great hunter and you will kill many, many deer."

The hunter hesitated because he was afraid. At last he said, "Yes, I will carry you to the pool of water in the forest if I may bind your legs so that you cannot scratch me and your mouth so that you cannot bite me."

"Very well," replied the alligator, rolling



“‘BUT I CANNOT TRAVEL ALONE,’ REPLIED THE
ALLIGATOR WEAKLY.”

over on his back and holding up his legs, "bind me and do as you like with me."

The hunter took a strong cord and tied the alligator's legs together. Then he bound its mouth up firmly, threw the animal over his shoulder and walked with it to the water in the forest. When he reached there he loosened the strings and the alligator plunged at once into the pool. It went down, came to the surface, then sank again. This it did three times, and the last time it went down it remained several minutes. When at length it came to the surface it spoke:

"Listen, hunter; you kept your word and brought me to the water. Now I am going to keep my word and make you a great hunter. Take your bow and arrows and go into the woods. You will meet several animals there, but do not kill the first one you meet, nor the second one nor the third, but the fourth one will be a very large old buck. Go close to him and shoot him with your arrow. After that you will always have success."

The hunter thanked him and, picking up his bow and arrows, he made his way quickly to the forest. He had not gone many yards within the trees when he came upon a small doe. He let the little animal go by unharmed. A few moments later a large doe slipped by him. He did not try to touch it either. Then a small buck appeared just in front of him. This also he did not attempt to shoot, but a little farther on he saw a very large old buck. Creeping cautiously along until he came close to it, he fitted an arrow to the bow and let it fly. It lodged in the deer's heart and the animal fell dead.

He took the deer home with him to the village and all the other hunters were greatly pleased at his success. After that he was never without venison in his camp and he became one of the best hunters in the tribe.

THE GRATEFUL WOLF

ONE autumn two hunters decided to go on their winter hunt alone instead of joining the hunting party of the other Indians. So they started northward the next morning, carrying their bows and arrows and feeling confident of finding plenty of game.

When night came they made camp and remained there until morning, then started forth again. Several days went by and they had killed nothing; they had not even seen an animal at which to shoot. Then the younger noticed something moving among the trees a short distance away. He approached quietly until he could see that it was a wolf. He was just about to let his arrow fly when he perceived that the animal was lame. It had seen him and was endeavoring to get away but it could not run. The hunter felt that it would be unfair to kill the wolf when

it had no chance to escape, so he lowered his bow and returned to his friend who was waiting for him.

When he told why he had not shot the wolf, the elder hunter laughed contemptuously and told him he had a foolish, soft heart, that he had better return home to the lodge fire and remain there with the women. The younger made no reply to this taunt but tramped on without casting a look behind.

Day after day went by and still they found no game. At last the autumn changed to winter. The snow came, the cold was intense and they had no furs.

Their food was all gone by this time and they began to feel very sad. At last the elder suggested that they break camp and seek the hunting-camp of their friends. The younger agreed gladly, so they set forth at once. They travelled all day, and as usual saw no living thing.

When night came they made camp and sat around the fire for a while. But they both

felt sad and hungry, so they determined to go to sleep as soon as possible. The next morning when the younger awoke, he said :

“I dreamed of porcupine last night. I thought they surrounded the tent. Let us remain here to-day instead of going on, and see if my dream will come true.”

The elder consented, so they sat around the lodge all day, anxiously waiting for the night to come. About the middle of the night they both heard a noise outside the tent. “That is a porcupine gnawing the bark from the tent-pole,” said the younger.

“Go and see,” replied the elder. “Go in your bare feet, and if there are porcupine there, kill some of them.”

The younger quickly slipped out, carrying a large stick. He saw a number of porcupine around the tent gnawing at the poles, and at once began to strike them with the stick. He killed several, then dashed back into the tent with his feet nearly frozen. He hastily put his feet into the hot ashes and said to

the other, "Go and bring in the porcupine that we may have some meat."

The elder did so, and began to prepare a meal at once. When the meat was cooked, they ate until they were satisfied, and then made ready to continue their journey. They did not take any of the porcupine with them, as they no longer felt hungry.

They tramped idly on all day, shooting their arrows into the air to amuse themselves. Near sunset the younger cried: "My arrow struck something. See! it is moving!"

"What can it be?" asked the elder. "The arrow is sticking in the snow. There is nothing to be seen."

"Let us go closer and find out," said the other, and they began to approach cautiously. When they reached the arrow they could see nothing but the snow; but when they began to dig it out, they noticed some long black hairs.

"It is a bear's den," declared the elder. "We must drive the bear out."

They scraped away the snow, and at length came upon a large bear. They killed it at once and then skinned it.

"It is too big and ugly to eat," said the younger. "Let us leave it."

"Let us cut off a piece of fat," decided the elder, and with his knife he cut off a large piece. They put the fat on the sled, and going on some distance, prepared to make camp. They remained there all night, and when morning came went on their journey again, taking the bear's fat with them.

During the day they began to feel hungry, as they had eaten nothing since the feast of porcupine meat two nights before. They regretted that they had not brought along some of the porcupine meat, and each upbraided the other for having been so thoughtless. When evening came they built a fire and put up their tent. Then they hung the fat bear's meat over the flames. In a short time the oil dripped down into the fire and made such a nice smell that they felt hungrier than ever.

At last the younger hunter said: "This smells so nice that it may be good to eat after all. Let us taste it." The elder agreed willingly, and they took the fat down, and finding its taste quite as good as its odor, they soon had eaten the whole piece. They now began to feel sorry for having left the bear behind when it would have made such a good meal. Suddenly they decided to go back for it, although the night was dark and very cold. Taking the sled they started at once and tramped steadily all night. By morning they reached the spot where they had left the carcass of the bear, but in its place, there now remained only bones. The wolves and the foxes had found it and had eaten every morsel of the meat! The hunters looked at one another in dismay for a moment, then each began to blame the other for having left the bear behind.

"It is your fault," declared the elder. "You said it was too big and ugly to eat."

"It is not my fault," answered the younger.

"It is yours. You were satisfied to cut off only the fat and take it on the sled."

After they had argued this way for some time, they decided to return to their camp, as they could do no good by remaining here. So they started back and went on in silence for some time. At length they reached a river, and the elder suggested that they break a hole in the ice, as he was very thirsty. The younger agreed because he was thirsty also. They soon made a hole large enough for both of them, and kneeling down, they began to drink. When their thirst was satisfied, they tried to get up, but found that their lips were frozen to the ice. They tried to pull them away but could not do so. They became very angry at this and each wanted to blame the other, but neither could say a word.

They looked around for some one to help them. Not a living thing was to be seen. They must remain here and freeze to death slowly! The minutes crept by and they grew colder and colder. A north wind was

blowing, and their limbs were growing numb, when suddenly they noticed a black object moving on the ice. It came near and at last they could see that it was a wolf. They looked at each other helplessly and each wondered the same thing — would it kill them ?

When it came within a short distance it stopped for a moment, then trotted quickly towards them. The younger hunter noticed that it was slightly lame, and at the same instant the wolf seemed to recognize him. With a sudden, rapid movement it threw itself beside him and began to lick the ice around his lips with its warm tongue. Several times its own lips nearly froze to the ice, but still it kept on until at last the ice melted and he was free. Then it turned to the elder hunter and liberated him in the same manner.

The hunters now tried to thank the wolf for his kind deed, but the animal would not listen. "I had mercy shown to me once," it said, looking at the younger hunter, "and



"IT BEGAN TO LICK THE ICE AROUND HIS LIPS
WITH ITS WARM TONGUE."

I am glad to have had a chance to repay it." Then it trotted swiftly away. The hunters watched until it disappeared in the distance, then turned to resume their journey, reaching their friends' camp late the next day. They never were known to blame others for their mistakes after that, and often told the story of the grateful wolf.

THE LYNX AND THE HARE

A LITTLE timid Hare once went on a visit to her grandmother, whose home was a long distance from the point of land where her father's lodge was. After she had been there some time, her grandmother decided that it was time for the Hare to return to her own home, so one morning she told her to start. The little Hare obeyed, but had not gone very far when a Lynx stood in her path and stopped her.

The little Hare trembled with fear, but the Lynx began to sing in a soft voice :

“Where, pretty white one,
Where, little white one,
Where do you go ?”

“Tshwee ! Tshwee ! Tshwee ! Tshwee !”
cried the little Hare, and ran back to her grandmother's lodge as fast as her feet would take her.

"Oh, grandmother!" she cried, "listen until I tell you what the Lynx said. Tell me what it means," and she repeated the words the Lynx had sung to her.

"Courage, Nosis," replied her grandmother gently. "Run along and tell him that you are going back to your native land."

The little white Hare ran out of the door and along the path through the woods until she came to the Lynx. Then she replied to him :

"To the point of land I roam,
For there is white one's home,
Whither I go."

Lynx looked at the trembling little creature and replied :

"Little white one, tell me why,
Like to leather thin and dry
Are your pretty ears?"

"Tshwee! Tshwee! Tshwee! Tshwee!" cried the timid little Hare, and turning, ran back to her grandmother's lodge as fast as her feet would take her.

“Oh, grandmother, listen !” she panted. “This is what he said to me. Tell me what he means.” And she repeated the words he had sung to her.

“Go, Nosis !” said her grandmother when she had finished, “and tell him your uncles fixed your ears so when they came from the South.”

The little Hare went back once more to where the Lynx was waiting for her and replied :

“From the South my uncles came,
And they fixed my ears the same—
Fixed my slender ears,”

and when she had finished, she laid her pretty, pink ears back upon her shoulders and prepared to go on her journey, but the Lynx stepped across her path again and sang :

“Why, why do you go away ?
Pretty white one, can’t you stay ?
Tell me why your little feet
Are made so dry and very fleet !”

"Tshwee ! Tshwee ! Tshwee ! Tshwee !" cried the frightened little Hare, as she darted away down the path and back to her grandmother's lodge.

"Oh, listen, grandmother," she said; "he asked me something else. Tell me what it means." And she repeated the words of his song. Now her grandmother was very old and was tired at the many questions the Hare was asking her, so she replied: "Ho, Nosis ! Go back and do not listen to him. Do not answer him, but just run on home."

The little Hare obeyed, and went swiftly back over the path, but when she came to the place where she had left the Lynx, there was no sign of him. She stood very still and listened, but she could hear no sound, so she thought he had gone away. Laying back her pretty ears on her shoulders, she ran as fast as she could through the woods across the neck of land and had just reached the thicket beyond which her own home lay, when the Lynx, who had gone ahead, sprang out from



"LOOKING UP, THE LYNX SAW A LARGE BROWN BEAR."

among the bushes and seized her. She screamed out in terror, but he paid no attention to her cries and was just about to crush her trembling little body in his cruel jaws when they heard a low growl near them.

Looking up, the Lynx saw a large brown Bear. With one bound he dropped the Hare and disappeared out of sight in the thicket. Little Hare did not wait to see whether the Bear overtook the Lynx, but with her ears laid flat to her shoulders and her breath coming in gasps, she ran swift as the wind over the leaves and through the tangled vines of the bushes and crept safely in at the door of her father's lodge.

THE RABBIT AND THE FROG

ONE day Rabbit was wandering among the hills when he saw the tent of an Indian. Hopping up to it, he peeped timidly through a hole and saw Frog sitting by the fire.

"What are you doing, Brother Frog?" he asked.

Frog turned quickly, wondering who could be speaking to him. Then he called out: "Oh, is that you, Brother Rabbit? Come in. I am playing in the ashes because I do not know what else to do. My brothers have gone out hunting and I am all alone."

"Come home with me, then," replied Rabbit.

"Oh, I cannot," answered Frog. "I have a sore leg, and that is why I am not out hunting."

"Well, I will carry you on my back," said Rabbit, and picking up Frog, he tossed him

on his back and started for home with him. When he reached his own tent, he placed



“‘WELL, I WILL CARRY YOU ON MY BACK.’”

Frog inside and went away to look for food. After he had gone some distance, he saw some smoke near the creek. At once he became much frightened. “Oh, I have forgotten

my crooked knife," he cried. "I must get it at once," and turning he ran for home as fast as he could go. He dashed into the tent out of breath.

"What is wrong, Brother Rabbit?" asked Frog quietly.

"Oh, I saw a great column of smoke," he answered in nervous tones.

"Where?" asked Frog.

"Over in the willows beside the creek," Rabbit answered.

Then Frog laughed heartily. "You are a silly fellow," he said. "That smoke comes from the lodges of the beavers and they are the most gentle of creatures. Why, I have often killed them for food."

Rabbit was very glad to hear this and at once offered to take Frog to the beavers' home so that he might kill some of them for their supper. Frog said that he would go if Rabbit would carry him on his back, so they started immediately. When they reached the creek, Frog told Rabbit to make a dam of sticks first

so that the beavers could not escape after they had been driven from their lodges. When this was finished, he told Rabbit to break in the top of one of the lodges so that he might enter. While Rabbit was doing this, Frog went over to the dam and broke down several of the sticks in it. He did this so that if he did not succeed in killing the beavers, he might say that they escaped in this way; but just after he had started, Rabbit looked around and saw what he was doing. He became very angry, and running to Frog, he seized him quickly and pushed him down under the water and held him there until he felt sure he was drowned. Then he turned and ran home.

But all the way home he kept feeling sorrier and sorrier for the way he had treated Frog, and when he reached his tent, he sat down by the fire and began to weep.

But Frog was not dead, for he could live under the water quite as well as above it. He swam quickly to the beavers' homes and

killed them one after another. Then he tied them all together with a string, and putting the burden on his back, he began to crawl towards Rabbit's home. He was a long time reaching it, for his load was heavy and his leg was sore. When he did get there, he was afraid to go in, so he began to play with the flaps of the tent, hoping that Rabbit would hear him. But Rabbit paid no attention to the noise. In a little while Frog called out :

“Brother Rabbit, please give me a piece of your fire, I am very cold.”

Rabbit did not recognize the weak, tired voice of Frog, and thinking it was some enemy, he picked a dead coal from the fire and threw it out at him. Then Frog said in a coaxing voice :

“Brother Rabbit, I have no fire with which to cook the beavers.”

This time Rabbit recognized his voice, and running out, he picked Frog up and brought him in. As soon as Frog was inside the tent, he began to moan.

“What is the matter?” said Rabbit.
“Did the beavers hurt you?”

“No, but you did,” replied Frog. “You hurt my side when you pushed me down into the water.”

Rabbit was very sorry at hearing this and told Frog that he had not meant to hurt him. Frog then told Rabbit to prepare the supper, so Rabbit went outside to get the beavers. When he saw the animals he felt that he could not wait to cook them, but that he must have something to eat at once. So taking his knife, he began to clean the beavers and to eat little portions of the meat. The more he ate the more he wanted, and so he kept on, until finally he had devoured them all.

After he had finished he felt that he would like to go for a walk. He wandered on for some time, and at last reached a long, narrow valley. As he was going down this he saw smoke at its farther end.

“Oh, I have forgotten my crooked knife,”

he cried. "I must run home and get it," and turning he raced for home as quickly as he could go. He dashed into the tent out of breath.

"What is the matter?" asked Frog very coolly.

"Oh, I saw smoke at the farther end of the valley," said Rabbit, trembling with fear.

Frog laughed loudly. "You are a very foolish fellow," he said. "That smoke comes from the lodges of the deer. They will not hurt you. I have often killed them for meat."

Rabbit was delighted at hearing this, and offered to carry Frog at once to the home of the deer.

"I shall go," replied Frog, "but first you must make me a snow-shoe for one foot." Rabbit at once set to work, and in a little while had finished a snow-shoe which fitted the Frog's foot nicely. Lifting Frog, he tossed him to his back and started. When

they reached the valley, they saw the smoke at the farther end.

"You stand here," said Frog, "and do not move until I call you." Rabbit gladly stood still as he was told, and Frog started in the direction of the smoke. When he reached the end of the valley he found the deer as he had expected, and at once killed several of them. Then he skinned them, and cutting the head off one of them, he planted it upright in the snow, turning its face in the direction from which Rabbit would come.

Then he took a piece of the fat meat of the deer and left it in the snow until it was frozen solid. After that he called Rabbit. "Come quick," he said, "I have something to show you." Rabbit came running as swiftly as he could, and when he reached the end of the valley and saw the deer's head staring at him from the snow, he stopped still in fear. "Come on," called Frog. "He is dead. I killed him. Come on." Rabbit dashed past the deer's head without daring

to look at it again and sat up trembling when he reached Frog.

“Eat this quickly,” said Frog, handing him the piece of frozen meat. “Then you will feel all right.”

Rabbit did not take time to notice what Frog was giving him, but in two big gulps, he swallowed the frozen meat. It was now evening, so they set to work to make a lodge for themselves in which to sleep for the night. After it was finished, they crawled in and sat down before the fire.

But now the frozen meat which Rabbit had eaten began to thaw, and he became very ill. All night long he kept asking Frog what was the matter with him and when would he be better. But Frog only laughed, and at last he said:

“You are being punished now for treating me so badly. It was not well to be so greedy and to eat all the beaver meat.”

Rabbit could make no reply to this, and next morning when they started back home

together, Frog asked in a teasing voice: "What is the matter, Brother Rabbit? Why are you so quiet this morning?"

"I am thinking of the lesson I have learned," answered Rabbit, as he hopped on quickly, "and I will never play a trick on you again."

WEASEL'S MAGICAL POWERS

WEASEL was the son of a Chief. He was very clever and very handsome, and besides all this, was gifted with magical powers. In his father's tribe there was an old woman named Pokinsquuss. She did not like Weasel, for at one time she had wished him to marry her and he would not do so because she was old and ugly. So she determined to be revenged upon him.

One day she changed herself to a Badger and asked Weasel to come with her to an island near by, to gather gulls' eggs. He consented, and going with her to a canoe, they paddled across the water to the island. After they had landed and were gathering the gulls' eggs, Pokinsquuss ran away to the canoe, jumped in and paddled away very quickly.

Weasel saw her going, but he did not call,

for he knew now that although his companion had looked like a Badger, it really was Pokin-squass, and that she had left him on this lonely island as a punishment. Using his magical powers, he began to call softly and clearly, and his voice penetrated to the lodge of the Sable many miles away, beyond the forests and the mountains. When the Sable heard it, he knew that it was Weasel calling, and that he wanted him to come to his aid, so he started off at once.

At the end of two days, Sable reached the island, and taking Weasel on his back, he swam with him to the shore. Weasel was very grateful to his friend for having rescued him from the lonely island, and he asked him to remain for a visit. Sable agreed very gladly, and they went out hunting together and did many things which gave them great pleasure.

One day Sable remarked that he would like some maple sugar. Weasel told him that in the forest, some distance away, there

was lots of it. They started off at once, and after some hours' travel they reached the woods, but they could find no trace of maple sugar. They wandered through the forest, and towards night they discovered that they had lost their way. Then they agreed to separate. Each one would go a different way, and when either one of them discovered the right path, he was to call to the other. Sable turned in one direction, and wandering through the trees for some time, he at length came to a large wigwam.

In the front of this wigwam a bright fire was burning, and over the fire hung a large kettle which was being stirred by a Snake. When the Snake saw Sable he said joyously : "I am so glad you have come because I am very hungry. I shall eat you in a few minutes, but in gratitude for your having come to me, I shall give you as little pain as possible. Go and find me a straight stick so that when I pierce you with it, it will not hurt you any more than is necessary."

Sable hastened away, and as soon as he was a safe distance from the Snake, he began to sing. Weasel, by his magical powers, heard the words of the song and knew that Sable needed him, so he hurried through the forest until he came to the spot where Sable was standing.

“What is the matter?” he asked. “Why are you afraid?”

Sable told him all about the Snake and how he had been sent out to find a straight stick with which to be killed.

“Do not be afraid,” replied Weasel. “I will kill the Snake.” Then pointing to a large tree which was lying on the ground, he said, “I shall lie down behind this hemlock tree. Now, you go and search for a stick. Just pretend that you are looking for a straight one and pick up the most crooked one you can find. Take it to the Snake, and when he complains that it is not straight enough, tell him that you know how to straighten it. Then hold it in the fire, and

tell him that when the steam comes out at the other end, it will be straight. The Snake will want to see what happens, and while he is waiting, you strike him on the head with the stick."

Sable turned away very much relieved, for he knew that his clever friend Weasel would save him. He began to look for a stick, and instead of picking up a straight one, he took a very crooked one. Then he returned to the wigwam of the Snake.

"Give it to me," said the Snake, as Sable appeared. Sable offered him a crooked stick. "This will not do," said the Snake quickly. "This is too crooked. I told you to find a straight one."

"I know how to make it straight," answered Sable, walking over to the fire and holding one end over the blaze. "Now, when the steam comes out of this end, the stick will be straight."

The Snake followed him to the fire and stood watching very curiously. Suddenly

Sable turned around and gave him a sharp blow on the head with the crooked stick. Then he turned and ran away as fast as he could. The Snake followed him, and as Sable ran past the hemlock tree, the Snake began to crawl over it.

At once Weasel jumped up and seized him. Then pulling out his knife, he killed him and cut him into pieces. After that he and Sable went back to the Snake's wigwam, and taking the kettle from the fire, they found that the maple sap had been turned into sugar, so they sat down and had a feast.

BAD-TEMPERED WOLVERINE

WOLVERINE was feeling very restless one day, and while he was walking on the hillside, he came to a large Rock. Going up to it, he said :

“Was that you I saw walking on the path just now ?”

“No, I cannot move, hence, I cannot walk,” replied the Rock.

“But I saw you,” retorted Wolverine sharply.

“That is a falsehood,” said the Rock. “You know you did not see me.”

“You need not speak to me in that manner,” returned Wolverine. “I tell you that I have seen you walking.”

Wolverine now ran a little distance away from the Rock, and calling to it, he challenged it to catch him. Then he slowly

approached and struck it with his paw. "See if you can catch me," he said, as he ran away.

"If I cannot run," said the Rock quickly, "I can roll," and he at once started after Wolverine, who laughed and shouted, "Now you are doing just what I want." As he ran, the Rock rolled after him and kept at his heels. At last Wolverine began to tire, and to try to evade the rock he jumped every stick and stone which appeared near him, but he could not get away from it, and soon it was touching his heels. Finally he tripped and fell, and the Rock rolled on his hind legs and pinned him to the ground.

"Get off," shouted Wolverine. "You are hurting me."

"You tormented me until I followed you," replied the Rock. "Now I will not stir until some one comes to take me off."

"Then I shall call my brothers," declared Wolverine, and at once he began calling at the top of his voice, for the wolves and the



“‘NOW YOU ARE DOING JUST WHAT I WANT.’”

foxes. In a few moments they came running to see what was the matter.

"How did this happen?" they asked. "How is it that you are lying here with the Rock on top of you?"

"I challenged it to try and catch me," Wolverine replied, "and when I fell, it rolled on me."

"Then it serves you right," his brothers replied. "The Rock has treated you in just the way that you deserve."

They now tried to move the Rock, but push and pull as they might, they could not stir it one inch. Wolverine was getting very impatient by this time, and at last he said irritably, "If you cannot move the Rock, I shall call my other brothers, Lightning and Thunder."

He called aloud for them to come. He had scarcely finished when a dark cloud came rushing towards them from the Southwest. Forked lightning flashed from it, accompanied by terrible peals of thunder. The

noise so frightened the wolves and the foxes that they began to run away. But as they turned to go, they called back to the Lightning that if he failed to move the Rock, to take off Wolverine's coat and so set him free, but in doing so, to be sure not to harm his flesh. Lightning heard them and darted back to gather force. Then it struck the Rock, which at once flew into fragments. At the same instant the Lightning stripped the skin from Wolverine's back, tearing it into small pieces. Wolverine now stood naked, and as he began to pick up the pieces of his coat, he turned to Lightning and said in a vexed tone, "You need not have torn my coat in this way when you had only the Rock to strike," but Lightning and Thunder made no reply, and going back into the dark cloud, they disappeared.

After Wolverine had gathered up all the bits of his coat, he started with them towards the swamp at some distance. "I shall ask my sister Frog to sew these together for

me," he said, as he trudged along in quite a temper.

When he reached the swamp, he found Frog sitting on the edge. Tossing the pieces into her lap, he said abruptly : "Sew this for me. It is my coat." Frog at once began sewing, and it took her some time to get all the little pieces together. When it was finished, she handed it to Wolverine, who held it up.

"This is not put together right," he said angrily, and picking up a hard lump of mud, he hit her on the head with such force that she tumbled over into the water. Taking his coat, he started off with it, muttering. "I shall ask my younger sister, Field Mouse, to sew it for me." When he reached the home of Field Mouse, which was just a little hole by the roadside, he found her sitting at the door.

"Rip this apart," he said, tossing the coat into her lap, "and then sew the pieces together the right way."

She began her task at once, and sewed very carefully and slowly for some time. When it

was finished, she handed it to him and he examined every seam in turn. At length he said in a pleased tone, "You have sewed this very well, and as a reward, you shall always have a home in the tall, green grass in summer, and in the winter you shall live in a soft, grass house where the cold north wind cannot find you." Then putting on his coat, he went away.

Since she did this kind act, Field Mouse has always lived in a grassy home both summer and winter, where her enemies can rarely find her and where she is always comfortable, and Frog, after being tumbled into the water so rudely, has learned to live there quite content with her lot.

